THE WEST'S MOST *MYSTERIOUS* WARRIOR!

APACHE KID

MAY

10¢

APACHE KID

APACHE KID

INDIAN OR WHITE MAN?

10¢

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS WARRIOR OF THE WEST RIDES AGAIN AS THE FRONTIER TREMBLES IN THE SHADOW OF A DEADLY INDIAN UPRISING!

REDUCE KEEP SLIM AT HOME WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!

ELECTRIC SPOT REDUCER

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!

Don't Stay FAT— You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY without risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim —but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

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Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES:
A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

USED BY EXPERTS:
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318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10-day trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

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LOSE WEIGHT OR MONEY BACK

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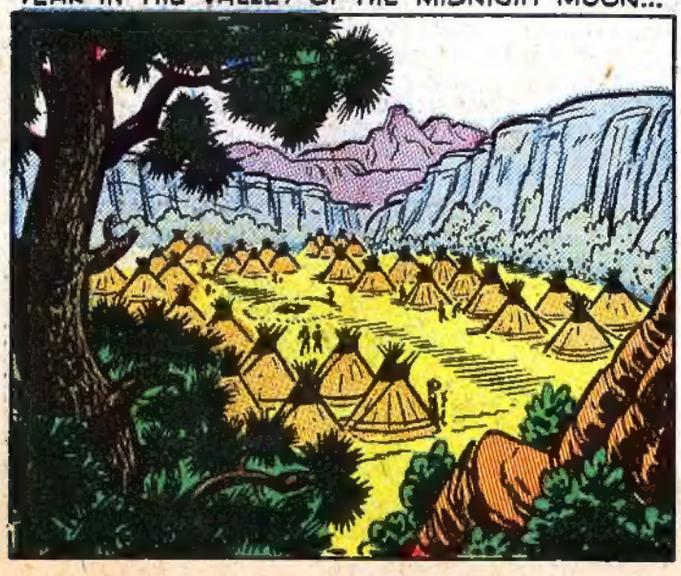
RIDE INTO WESTERN ADVENTURE WITH

THE APACHE KID

THE INDIAN NATIONS, FOUR THOUSAND STRONG, ARMED TO THE TEETH AND IN FULL WAR-PAINT, CHARGE WITH ALL THE FURY OF BATTLE TO DESTROY TO THE LAST MAN EVERY SOLDIER IN THE FORT OF THE 5TH REGIMENT FORTRESS COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN BILL GREGORY! AND AT THE HEAD OF THE WARRIORS, WITH MORE HATE IN HIS HEART FOR THE WHITE MAN THAN ALL THE OTHER RED MEN, IS... THE APACHE KID
IN THE Uprising
3039

IT IS THE TIME OF THE CONCLAVE OF THE GREAT INDIAN NATIONS OF THE WEST! FROM PLAIN, VALLEY AND MOUNTAIN THE TRIBES GATHER FOR THE PEACEFUL MEETING THAT TAKES PLACE ONCE A YEAR IN THE VALLEY OF THE MIDNIGHT MOON...



NOW RED HAWK, NOBLE CHIEF OF THE APACHE TRIBE, RISES TO SPEAK IN COUNCIL!

WE HAVE LIVED IN PEACE WITH OUR WHITE BROTHERS FOR MANY MOONS, THEY HAVE HELPED US AND WE HAVE HELPED THEM, I PRAY TO THE GODS THAT IT WILL CONTINUE TO BE SO, AND I APPEAL TO YOU, MY BROTHERS, TO SEEK THE PATH OF PEACE WHEREVER POSSIBLE!
WHAT SAYS OUR GREAT MEDICINE MAN, TO ALL THIS?
1

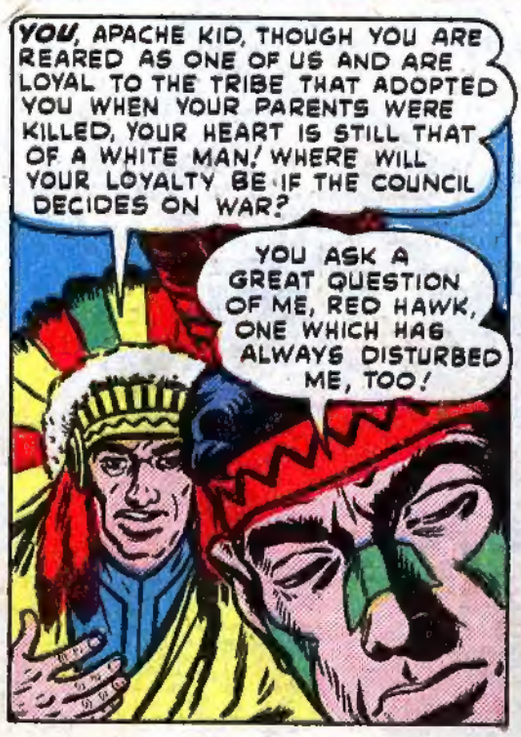
LONG BOW, OLDEST OF THE MEDICINE MEN OF ALL THE TRIBES, MOST VENERATED SAGE AND MAN OF WISDOM, RISES TO HIS FEET!

ARE THERE NOW OLD WOMEN WHO WEAR THE NOBLE FEATHERS OF THE CHIEFS? DO WE TURN THE OTHER CHEEK WHEN SLAPPED, AND THANK THOSE WHO SLAP US? THE WHITE MAN HAS INVADED OUR LANDS, HE HAS DRIVEN US OUT OF OUR HOMES! HOW CAN WE LIVE IN PEACE WITH SUCH AS THOSE?
I BOW TO YOUR AGE, O LONG BOW, BUT NOT TO YOUR LOGIC! TO CONTINUE TO BATTLE THE WHITE MAN IS TO INVITE SUICIDE FOR OUR PEOPLE!

THEY OUTNUMBER US AND POSSESS ARMS TO SWEEP US OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH! I SAY, LIVE IN PEACE, BUT LET US CONTINUE TO LIVE AND NOT DO BATTLE UNTIL OUR PEOPLE EXIST NO LONGER!
MY THOUGHTS ARE WITH YOU, RED HAWK!
NOT MINE! I SAY FIGHT AND DRIVE THEM OUT OF OUR LAND!

THAT NIGHT A WEARY RED HAWK RESTS IN HIS TENT WITH HIS ADOPTED SON, THE APACHE KID!

MY HEART IS HEAVY, MY SON, HALF OF THE CHIEFS AGREE WITH ME, AND HALF WITH THE FIRE TALK OF LONG BOW, BUT THERE IS ONE THING WHICH DISTURBS ME MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE!
TELL ME WHAT THAT IS, MY INDIAN FATHER!


YOU, APACHE KID, THOUGH YOU ARE REARED AS ONE OF US AND ARE LOYAL TO THE TRIBE THAT ADOPTED YOU WHEN YOUR PARENTS WERE KILLED, YOUR HEART IS STILL THAT OF A WHITE MAN! WHERE WILL YOUR LOYALTY BE IF THE COUNCIL DECIDES ON WAR?
YOU ASK A GREAT QUESTION OF ME, RED HAWK, ONE WHICH HAS ALWAYS DISTURBED ME, TOO!

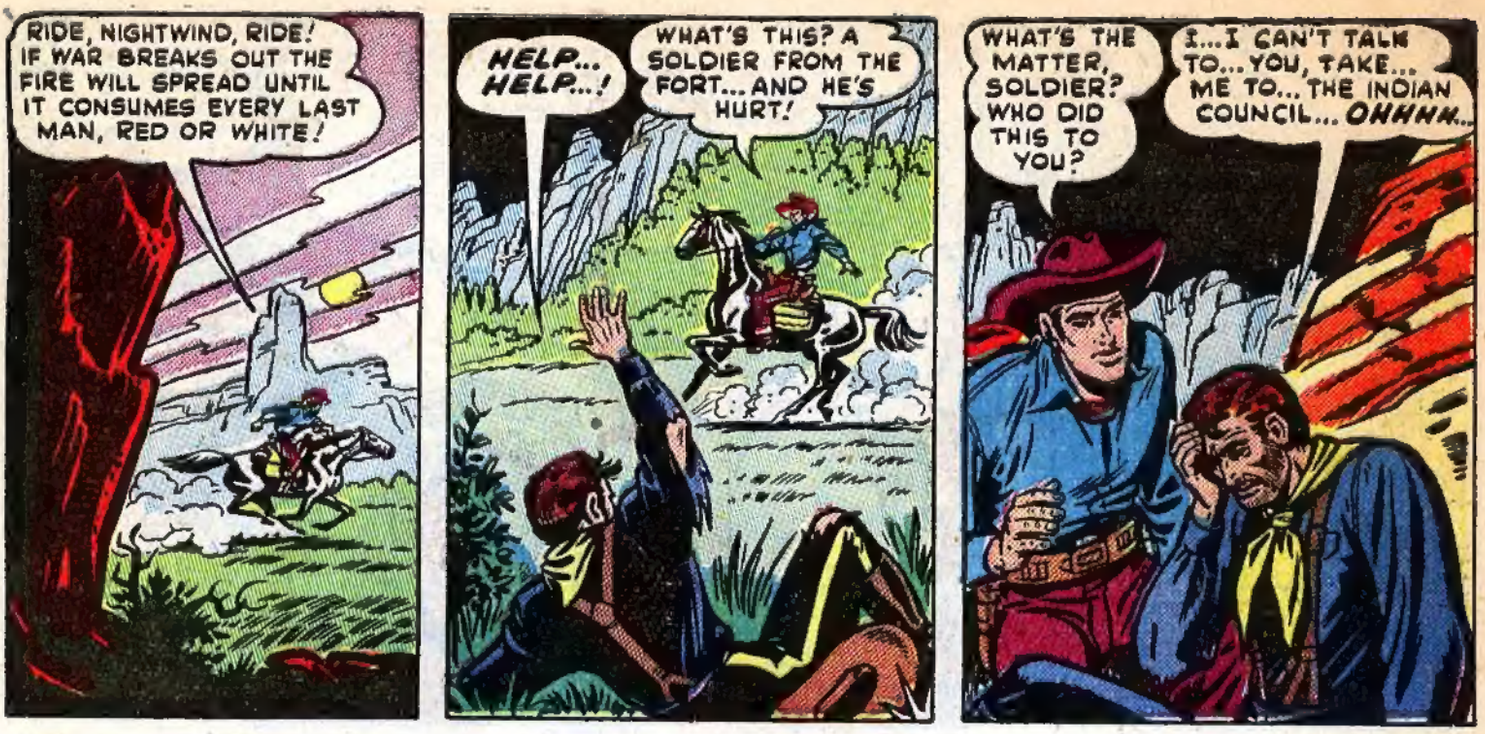
ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT WE MUST FIGHT FOR PEACE. I CANNOT TURN MY ARROW TOWARD THE INDIAN OR THE WHITE MAN, MY HEART IS WITH BOTH!
I PRAY THAT YOU MAY NEVER HAVE TO MAKE THAT CHOICE!

BUT THE RUMBLINGS OF WAR GROW LOUDER! THE YOUNGER BRAVES, RECKLESS WITH THE VALOR OF YOUTH, LISTEN TO THE FIERY WORDS OF LONG BOW DURING THE LONG HOURS OF THE NIGHT, WAR HANGS ON THE TAUT STRING OF THE BOW OF BATTLE!

THE WHITE SOLDIERS HAVE GROWN FAT AND LAZY WITH PEACE, THEY ARE NOT READY FOR WAR, SWEEP DOWN UPON THEM WITH THE SPEED OF THE EAGLE AND WE SHALL ONCE AGAIN REGAIN THE LAND OF OUR FATHERS!
TOMORROW'S COUNCIL WILL DECIDE WHETHER WE TRAVEL THE PATH OF PEACE OR THAT OF WAR!

BUT THERE IS ONE WHO DOES NOT WAIT FOR THE MORNING'S COUNCIL MEETING! IN THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT THE APACHE KID SWIFTLY CHANGES TO THE GARB OF HIS OTHER IDENTITY,...ALOYSIUS KARE, ROVING COWBOY...

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO: BRING BILL GREGORY, COMMANDER OF THE CAVALRY POST, TO SPEAK TO THE COUNCIL, ONLY HE CAN CONVINCE THE INDIAN NATIONS THAT WAR WOULD BE SUICIDE!


RIDE, NIGHTWIND, RIDE! IF WAR BREAKS OUT THE FIRE WILL SPREAD UNTIL IT CONSUMES EVERY LAST MAN, RED OR WHITE!
HELP... HELP...!
WHAT'S THIS? A SOLDIER FROM THE FORT... AND HE'S HURT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SOLDIER? WHO DID THIS TO YOU?
I...I CAN'T TALK TO... YOU, TAKE... ME TO... THE INDIAN COUNCIL... OHHHH...

THE APACHE KID TAKES THE BATTERED SOLDIER BACK TO THE MEETING PLACE OF THE INDIAN NATIONS JUST AS THE RISING SUN BEGINS TO STREAK THE MORNING SKY...

WHAT DO YOU SEEK HERE, WHITE MAN? THIS IS A SECRET COUNCIL, DO YOU NOT RESPECT OUR PRIVACY?
I DO, BUT THIS SOLDIER WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU!
N...NOT WHILE YOU'RE HERE, COWBOY, THIS IS FOR THE INDIANS ALONE!

STILL PLAYING THE ROLE OF OUTSIDER, KARE LEAVES THE CAMP, BUT RETURNS AS THE APACHE KID TO HEAR THE WORDS OF THE SOLDIER...

ALL MY LIFE I'VE FELT THAT THE REDMAN WAS TREATED WITHOUT JUSTICE BY THE WHITES, NOW I HAVE PROOF OF IT AND MY SENSE OF JUSTICE WON'T LET ME BE SILENT! YOU ARE IN GRAVE DANGER, THE WHITE SOLDIERS ARE GOING TO WIPE OUT EVERY ONE OF YOU!
WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
WAIT, RED HAWK, HEAR HIM OUT!

CAPTAIN GREGORY GAVE ME AN ORDER TO DELIVER TO THE OUTLYING FORTS, THAT ORDER IS TO GATHER TO DO BATTLE AGAINST YOU! I COULDN'T DELIVER THAT ORDER AND SEE INNOCENT MEN MASSACRED BY THE THOUSANDS! I WAS ON MY WAY HERE TO WARN YOU WHEN TWO OTHER SOLDIERS WHO KNEW HOW I FELT ATTACKED ME AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD!

AT LEAST THERE IS ONE AMONG THEM WHO IS WITH HONOR! ROUSE THE BRAVES! THE INDIAN NATIONS MUST STRIKE AT ONCE BEFORE THE SOLDIERS GATHER THEIR FORCES FOR THEIR STAB IN THE BACK!
WAIT! PERHAPS WE'RE BEING HASTY!
MUST WE WAIT TILL WE ARE ALL IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS? DO YOU DARE TAKE A STAND AGAINST YOUR BROTHERS, RED HAWK?

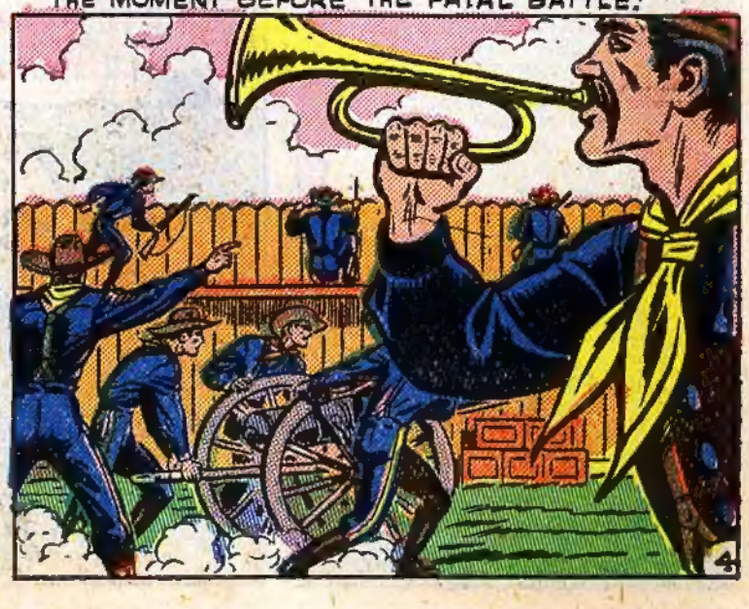
I STILL CANNOT BELIEVE SUCH A THING IS TRUE! BUT PERHAPS I HAVE GROWN TOO TRUSTING OF THE WHITE MAN... I SHALL LEAVE THE DECISION TO MY SON, THE APACHE KID! HOW DO WE STAND MY SON?
WE... RIDE WITH THE NATIONS AGAINST THE TRAITORS!

SO THE APACHE KID HAS MADE THE GREAT DECISION... A DECISION THAT HE AND RED HAWK HAD DREADED TO FACE, BUT NOW THE DIE IS CAST, THE EVIDENCE IS TOO STRONG TO DENY! AS ONE MAN THE BRAVES OF THE FOUR NATIONS MOUNT THEIR PONIES IN FULL WAR-PAINT, READY TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES!

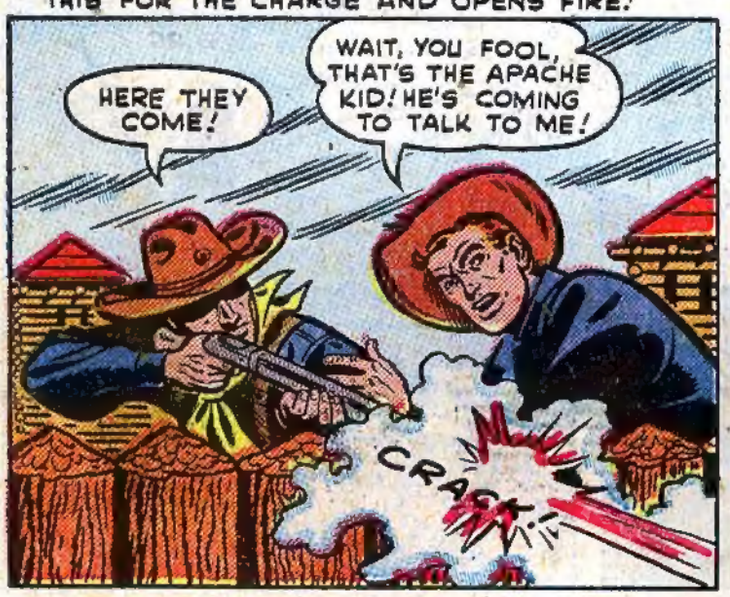
THE SAVAGE TOM-TOMS BEAT OUT THEIR MESSAGE OF BATTLE ACROSS THE PLAINS, REACHING THE EARS OF CAPTAIN BILL GREGORY AT THE FORT!

THOSE TOM-TOMS DON'T SOUND SO GOOD, I WONDER WHAT THE TRIBES ARE UP TO?
CAN'T BE MUCH, THEY'RE JUST HOLDING A PEACEFUL CONFAB... WAIT! LOOK AT THAT, CAPTAIN!

INSTANTLY THE FORT IS A HIVE OF FURIOUS ACTIVITY, THE TRUMPETEER BLOWS BATTLE STATIONS, SOLDIERS TAKE THEIR POSTS, RIFLES ARE AIMED, CANNON MADE READY, WHITE MAN AND RED FACE EACH OTHER AT THE MOMENT BEFORE THE FATAL BATTLE!

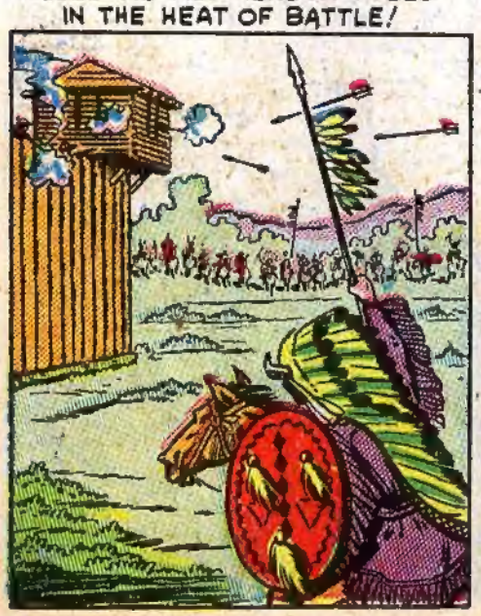


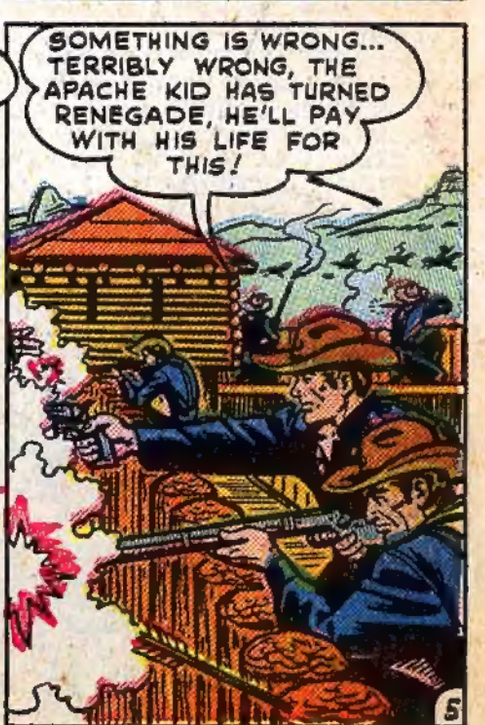
GREGORY IS THE ONLY PERSON BESIDES RED HAWK TO KNOW THAT THE KID IS REALLY A WHITE MAN, AND HE'S THE KID'S FRIEND, BUT AS THE WHITE BRAVE RIDES FORWARD A SOLDIER MISTAKES THIS FOR THE CHARGE AND OPENS FIRE!



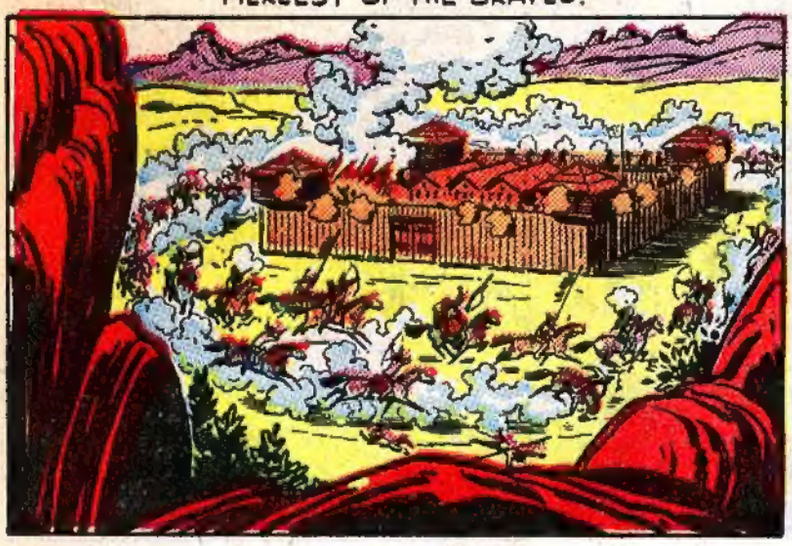
BUT IT'S TOO LATE, THE DAMAGE IS DONE!

LIKE AN ONRUSHING TIDE THE INDIAN TRIBES SWOOP DOWN ON THE FORT! NOW IT IS KILL OR BE KILLED AS ALL REASON FLEES IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE!





UPRISING! THE MOST FEARED WORD IN ALL THE WEST! THOUSANDS OF INDIAN WARRIORS RIDE A RING OF DEATH AROUND THE FORT, THEIR FLAMING ARROWS FLYING ON DEADLY MISSIONS AS THE SOLDIERS FIGHT BACK FOR THEIR VERY LIVES...AND THE APACHE KID IS NO LONGER A WHITE MAN AS HE TAKES HIS PLACE AMONG THE FIERCEST OF THE BRAVES!



THE TOLL OF WAR IS GREAT! MANY A SOLDIER FALLS ON THIS BLACK DAY, AND MANY AN INDIAN JOINS HIS FOREFATHERS IN THE PLACE FROM WHICH THERE IS NO RETURN!

THE SOLDIERS FIGHT TOO WELL, WHERE IS OUR FRIEND, THE WHITE MAN? PERHAPS HE KNOWS OF A WAY TO ENTER THE FORT!
I WILL FIND HIM, CHIEF!

THE APACHE KID RETIRES FROM THE BATTLE TO LOOK FOR THE STRANGER, BUT HE IS NOWHERE NEAR THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION!

THEN...SAFE IN THE HILLS OVERLOOKING THE BATTLE-GROUND, THE KID FINDS THE SOLDIER...BUT...

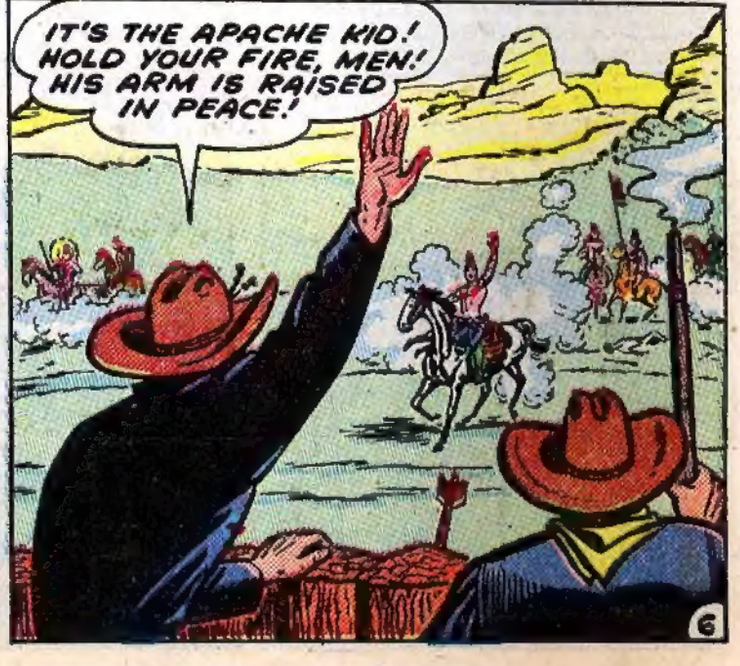
THAT SMILE ON HIS FACE... IT IS A SMIRK OF SATISFACTION...LIKE AN EVIL CAT THAT HAS SWALLOWED A HELPLESS BIRD, IT IS NOT THE LOOK OF AN HONEST MAN...BUT OF A...CHEAT!

SILENTLY AS A STALKING LEOPARD, THE KID STEALS UP CLOSE BEHIND THE SOLDIER...

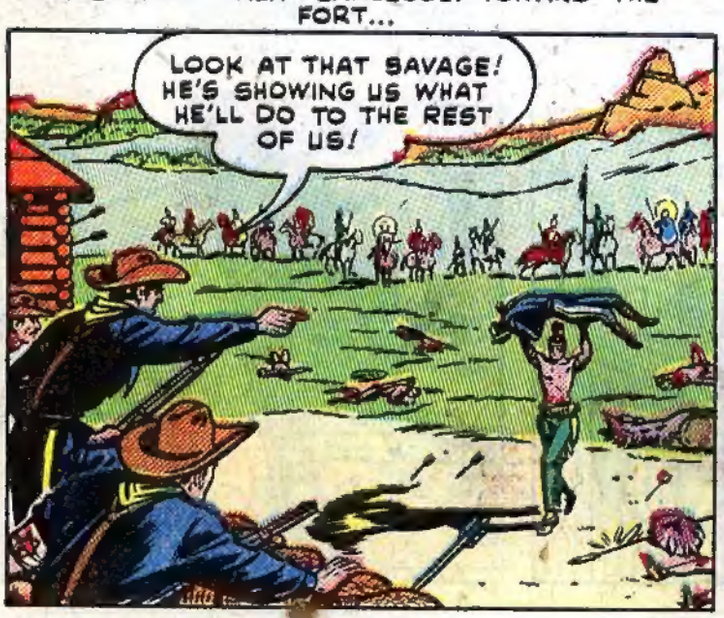
MEANWHILE THE BATTLE RAGES ON IN ALL ITS FURY!

THIS LOOKS HOPELESS! IF THIS KEEPS ON MUCH LONGER NONE OF US WILL SURVIVE! THAT WILL MEAN THAT THE ARMY WILL HAVE TO HOLD EVERY LAST INDIAN ACCOUNTABLE FOR THIS! IT MEANS WAR FOREVER BETWEEN RED AND WHITE... SOMETHING WE'VE TRIED FOR YEARS TO WORK AGAINST!

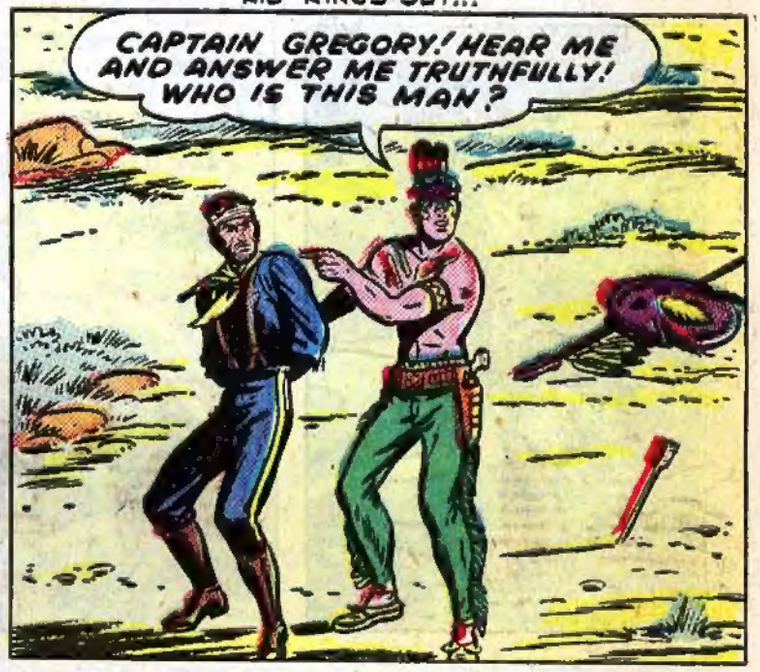
BUT AT THAT MOMENT A BRAVE CHARGES DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN STRAIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE!



WHILE THE AIR IS TENSE WITH THE SMOULDERING FIRES OF SUSPENDED BATTLE, THE TWO SIDES WATCH THE YOUNG BRAVE HOLD ALOFT THE BODY OF THE SOLDIER AND WALK FEARLESSLY TOWARD THE FORT...



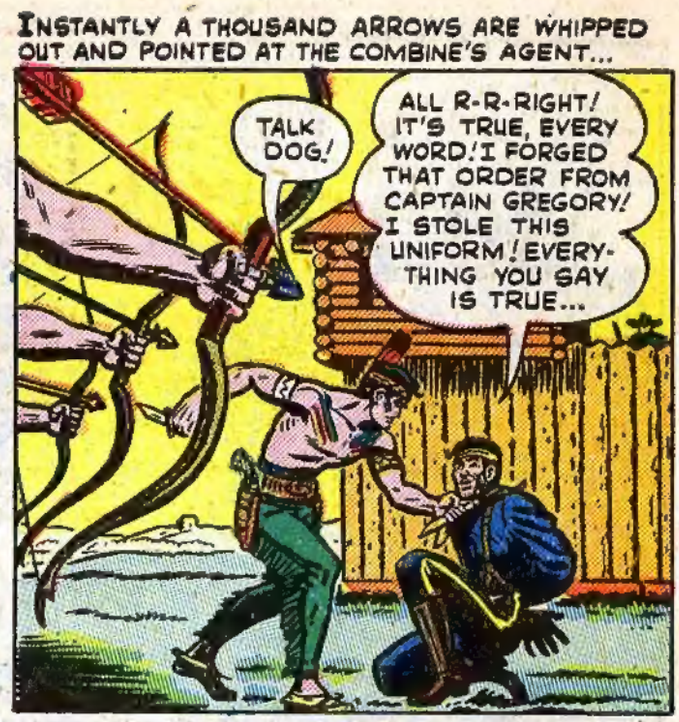
IN THE STILL OF SUSPENSE, THE VOICE OF THE APACHE KID RINGS OUT...

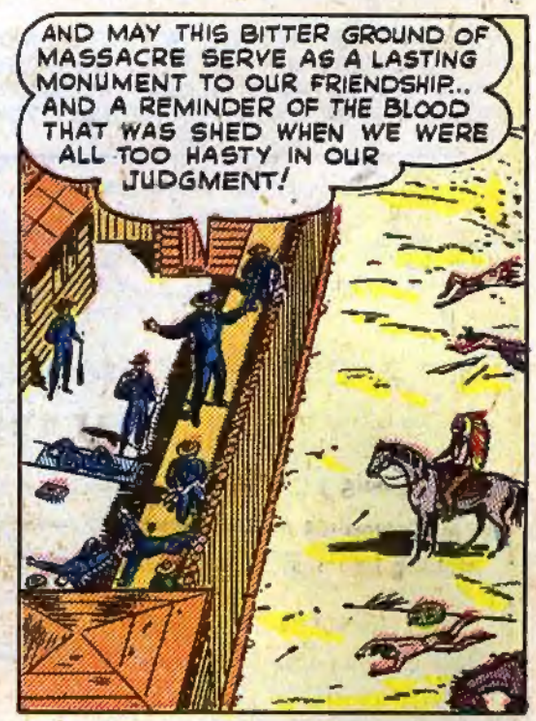


GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S HE DOING IN AN ARMY UNIFORM? HE'S NOT A SOLDIER! THAT'S LARSON MEADS! HE'S ONE OF THE MEN OF THE VIGILANTE COMBINE!

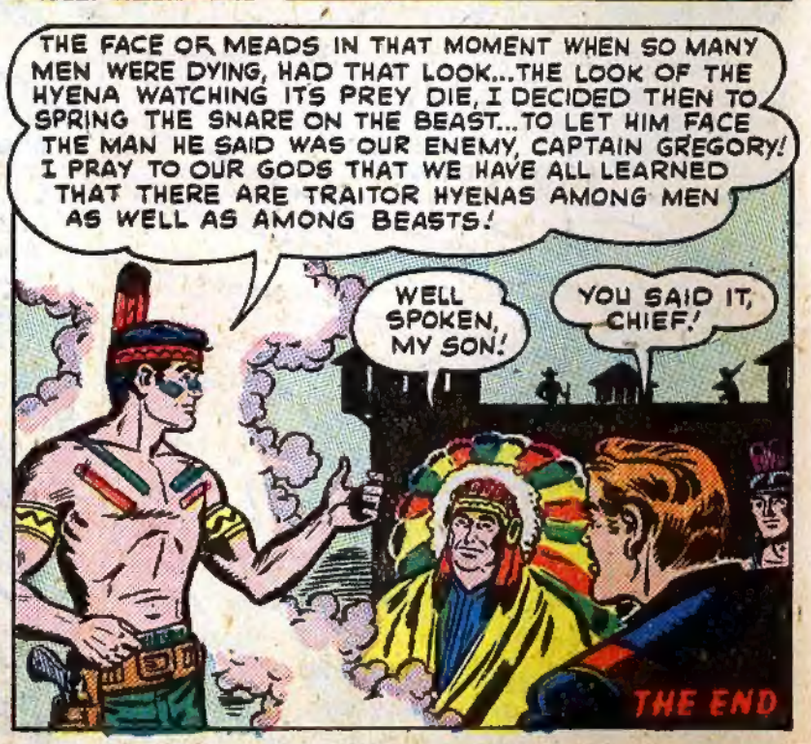
THE VIGILANTE COMBINE! THE DREAD NAME STRIKES TERROR TO THE HEART OF EACH LISTENER, FOR EVERY MAN KNOWS THAT THE COMBINE IS A GROUP OF PROFESSIONAL KILLERS, READY TO MURDER FOR A PRICE!

THEN I WILL TALK FOR YOU! THE VIGILANTE COMBINE HAS TRIED FOR YEARS TO GET HIRED BY THE GOVERNMENT AS A PRIVATE ARMY TO HANDLE INDIAN AFFAIRS! ITS LEADERS ARE RUTHLESS CRIMINALS WHO WANT TO EXPLOIT THE TRIBES UNDER THE GUISE OF PROTECTION! YOU CAME HERE TO CREATE THIS TROUBLE TO DISCREDIT THE REGULAR TROOPS SO YOU COULD CONVINCE WASHINGTON THAT THEY WEREN'T CAPABLE OF HANDLING THE JOB, AND TO TURN IT OVER TO THE COMBINE! THAT'S TRUE ISN'T IT?
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME TALK!


INSTANTLY A THOUSAND ARROWS ARE WHIPPED OUT AND POINTED AT THE COMBINE'S AGENT...
TALK DOG!
ALL R-R-RIGHT! IT'S TRUE, EVERY WORD! I FORGED THAT ORDER FROM CAPTAIN GREGORY! I STOLE THIS UNIFORM! EVERYTHING YOU SAY IS TRUE...


AND MAY THIS BITTER GROUND OF MASSACRE SERVE AS A LASTING MONUMENT TO OUR FRIENDSHIP... AND A REMINDER OF THE BLOOD THAT WAS SHED WHEN WE WERE ALL TOO HASTY IN OUR JUDGMENT!

SO THE PIPE OF PEACE IS SMOKED ONCE AGAIN BY THE COMMANDER OF THE FORT AND THE CHIEFS OF THE INDIAN NATIONS...
BUT, MY SON, HOW DID YOU LEARN OF MEADS' TRICKERY?
AS A LAD, MY INDIAN FATHER, YOU TAUGHT ME THAT IN THE MOMENT OF DEATH TO ITS VICTIM, NOTHING COULD ERASE THE EVIL LOOK IN THE FACE OF A HYENA!
8


THE FACE OF MEADS IN THAT MOMENT WHEN SO MANY MEN WERE DYING, HAD THAT LOOK... THE LOOK OF THE HYENA WATCHING ITS PREY DIE, I DECIDED THEN TO SPRING THE SNARE ON THE BEAST... TO LET HIM FACE THE MAN HE SAID WAS OUR ENEMY, CAPTAIN GREGORY! I PRAY TO OUR GODS THAT WE HAVE ALL LEARNED THAT THERE ARE TRAITOR HYENAS AMONG MEN AS WELL AS AMONG BEASTS!
WELL SPOKEN, MY SON!
YOU SAID IT, CHIEF!
THE END

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A COMPLETE MEDICAL TREATMENT

PURELON'S ACNUREL is not merely a skin cream . . . it is a complete medical treatment which is the product of long years of research and clinical tests. . . .

FIRST, ACNUREL Detergent thoroughly *penetrates* and *cleanses* the affected area, removing foreign matter lodged in the pores. Dirt is attracted to your skin by oily secretions of over-active sebaceous glands, and ACNUREL Detergent (skin cleanser) counteracts oiliness, and removes the dirt and foreign matter.

ACNUREL CONCEALS WHILE IT HEALS

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RIDE INTO WESTERN ADVENTURE WITH

THE APACHE KID

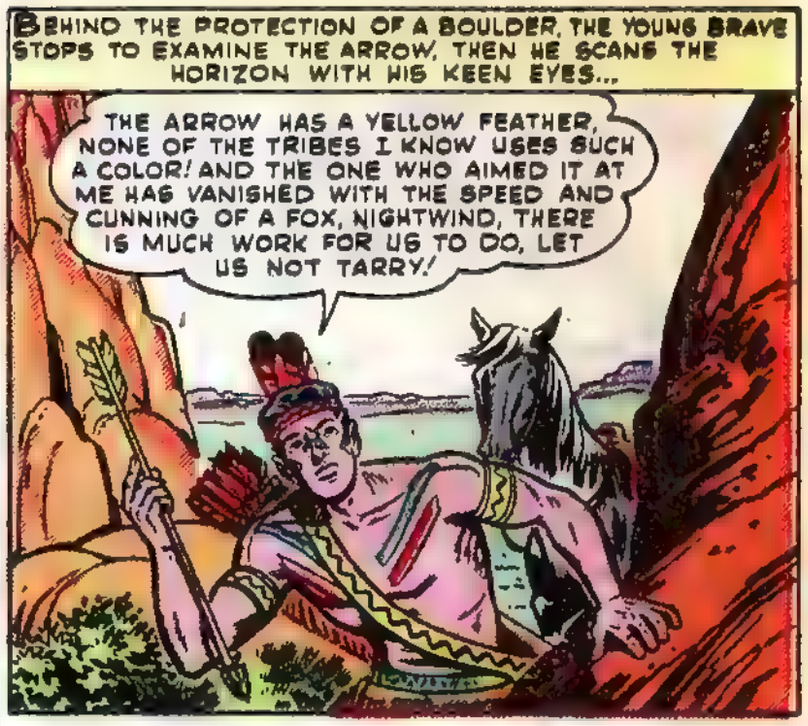
RIDE, NIGHTWIND, RIDE! A KILLER STALKS DEATH CANYON AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE HE FINDS US!
DEATH LURKS BEHIND EVERY ROCK! MYSTERY RIDES THE PLAINS! EVERY RESOURCE, EVERY SKILL AND BIT OF CUNNING IS NEEDED BY THE APACHE KID AS HE TRIES TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY HIDDEN IN...
The TRAIL of the ARROW!
8101

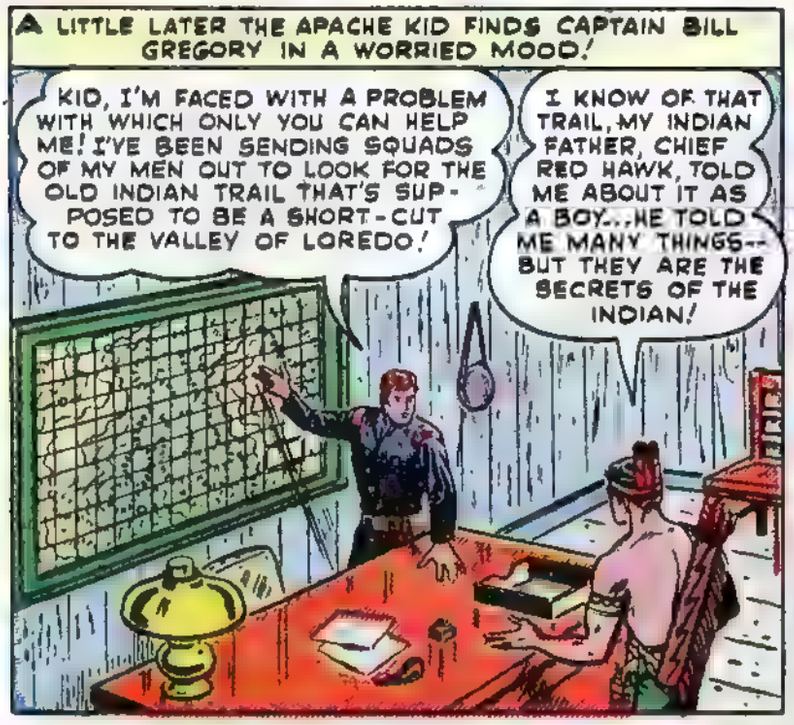
THE STILL AIR OF THE GREAT WEST SUDDENLY BEATS LIKE A GIANT HEART AS INDIAN TOM-TOMS SEND THEIR MESSAGE ACROSS THE PLAINS TO THE EARS OF A BAND OF BRAVES OUT ON A HUNTING PARTY.

RIDING WITH THE SPEED OF THE NIGHT WIND, AFTER WHICH HIS VALIANT PONY IS NAMED, THE FABULOUS APACHE KID, HERO TO BOTH RED MAN AND WHITE, RACES AHEAD OF HIS FRIENDS TO ANSWER THE ALARM!

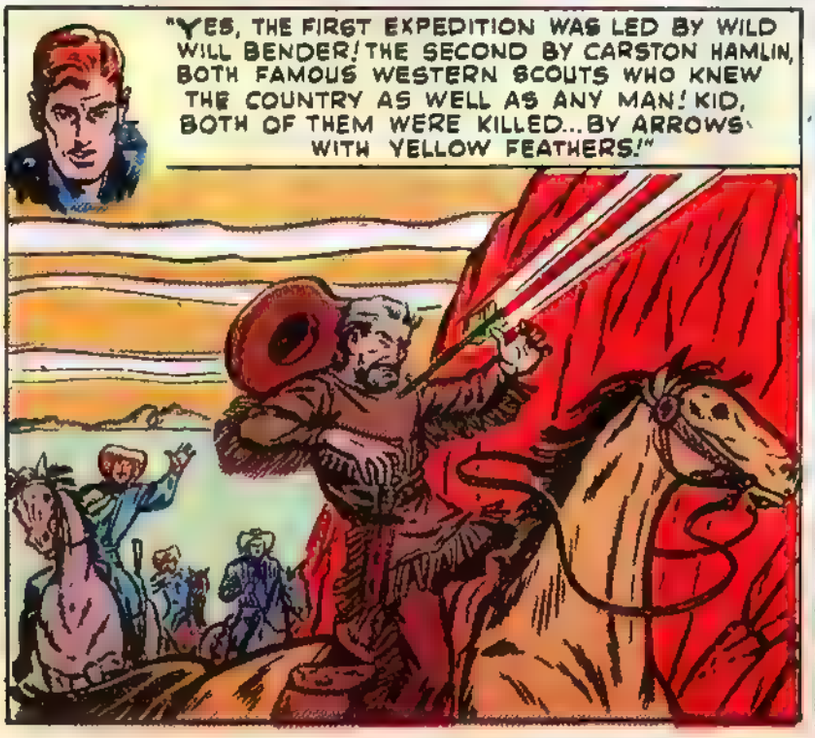
GO, NIGHTWIND, GO! MY FRIEND WOULDN'T ASK RED HAWK TO SEND FOR ME IN THIS MANNER UNLESS IT WAS VERY URGENT! WE CANNOT FAIL HIM! RIDE, NIGHTWIND!

SUDDENLY DEATH SPEEDS PAST THE EAR OF THE APACHE KID AS A SNEAK ARROW MISSES ITS TARGET!
OH-HO! SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT ME TO ANSWER GREGORY'S CALL!


BEHIND THE PROTECTION OF A BOULDER, THE YOUNG BRAVE STOPS TO EXAMINE THE ARROW, THEN HE SCANS THE HORIZON WITH HIS KEEN EYES...
THE ARROW HAS A YELLOW FEATHER, NONE OF THE TRIBES I KNOW USES SUCH A COLOR! AND THE ONE WHO AIMED IT AT ME HAS VANISHED WITH THE SPEED AND CUNNING OF A FOX, NIGHTWIND, THERE IS MUCH WORK FOR US TO DO, LET US NOT TARRY!

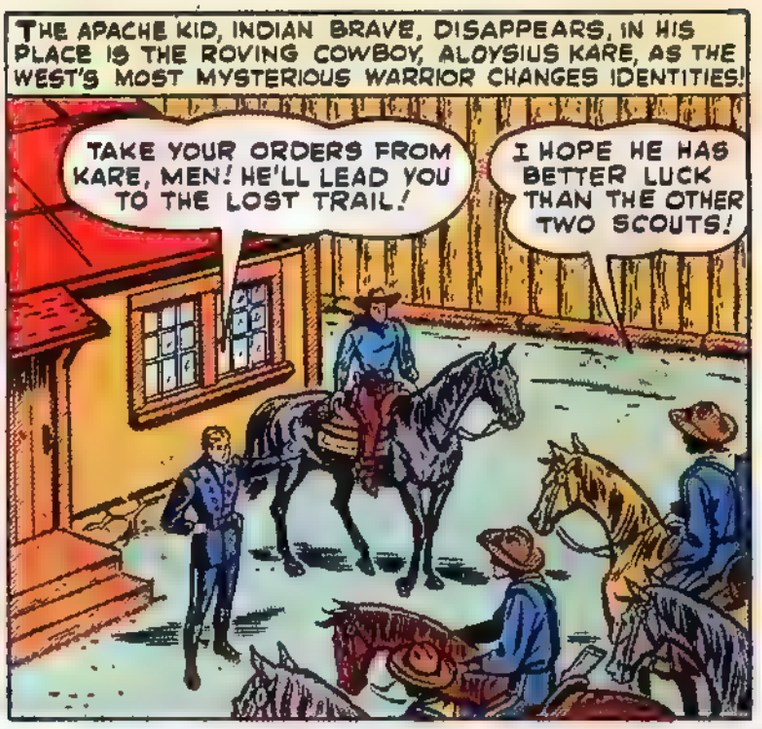

A LITTLE LATER THE APACHE KID FINDS CAPTAIN BILL GREGORY IN A WORRIED MOOD!
KID, I'M FACED WITH A PROBLEM WITH WHICH ONLY YOU CAN HELP ME! I'VE BEEN SENDING SQUADS OF MY MEN OUT TO LOOK FOR THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SHORT-CUT TO THE VALLEY OF LOREDO!
I KNOW OF THAT TRAIL, MY INDIAN FATHER, CHIEF RED HAWK, TOLD ME ABOUT IT AS A BOY...HE TOLD ME MANY THINGS--BUT THEY ARE THE SECRETS OF THE INDIAN!

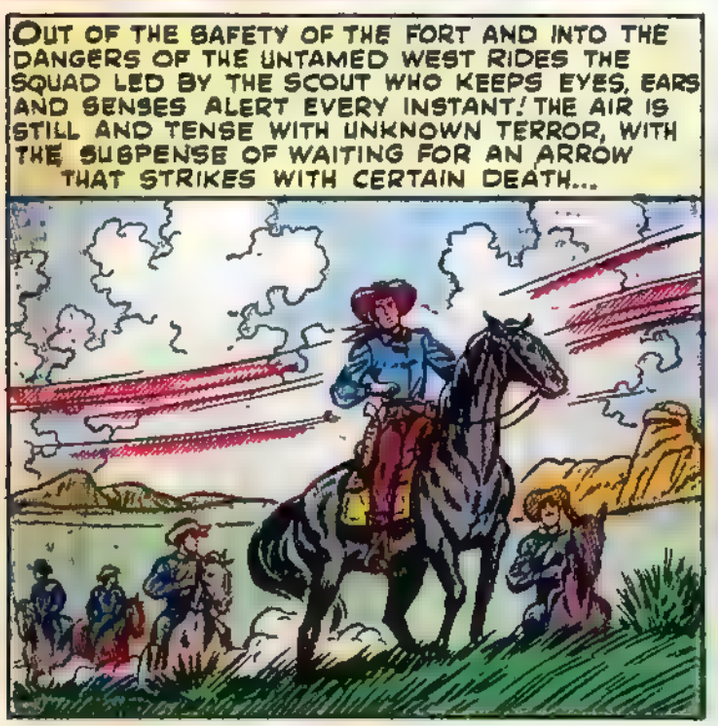
THEN YOU KNOW THAT IT IS CALLED "THE TRAIL OF THE ARROW!" IT'S BEEN LOST FOR MANY YEARS, BUT IF WE CAN FIND IT, THE GOVERNMENT WANTS TO USE IT AS A FOUNDATION FOR A ROAD THAT WILL HELP IN THE BUILDING OF THE WEST, IT'S MY JOB AND MY DUTY, KID, TO LOCATE THAT TRAIL!
YOU SAID YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR IT?

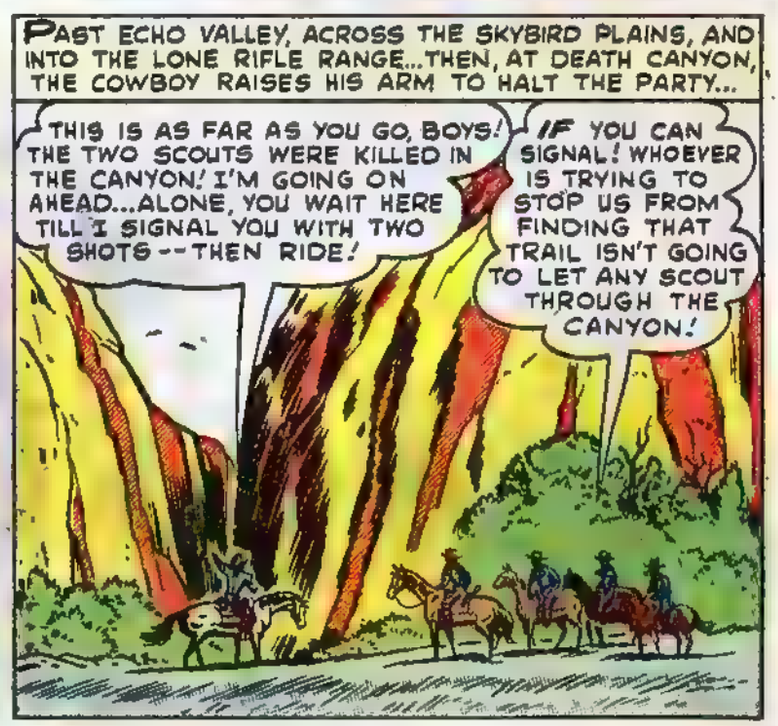

"YES, THE FIRST EXPEDITION WAS LED BY WILD WILL BENDER! THE SECOND BY CARSTON HAMLIN, BOTH FAMOUS WESTERN SCOUTS WHO KNEW THE COUNTRY AS WELL AS ANY MAN! KID, BOTH OF THEM WERE KILLED...BY ARROWS WITH YELLOW FEATHERS!"

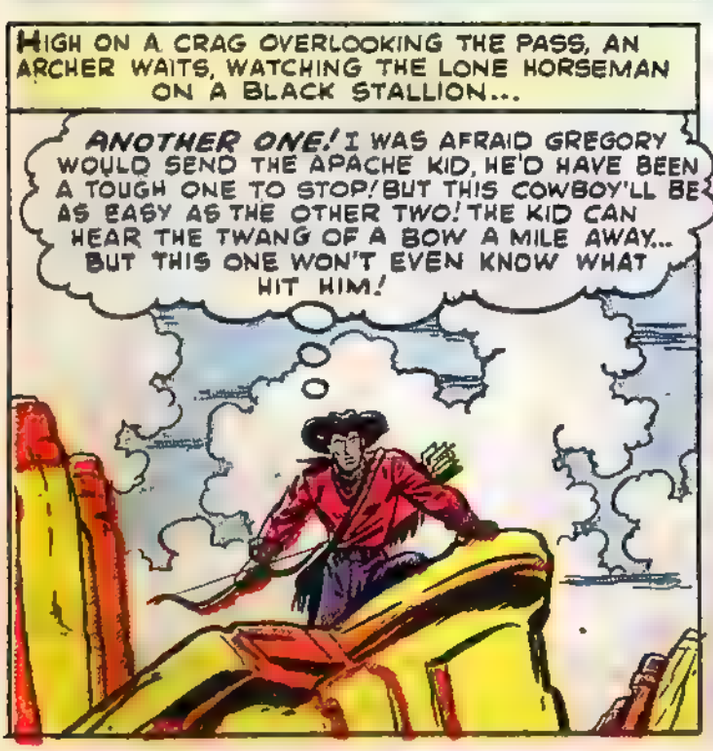
LIKE THIS ONE?
YES! GOOD GRIEF, KID! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?
2

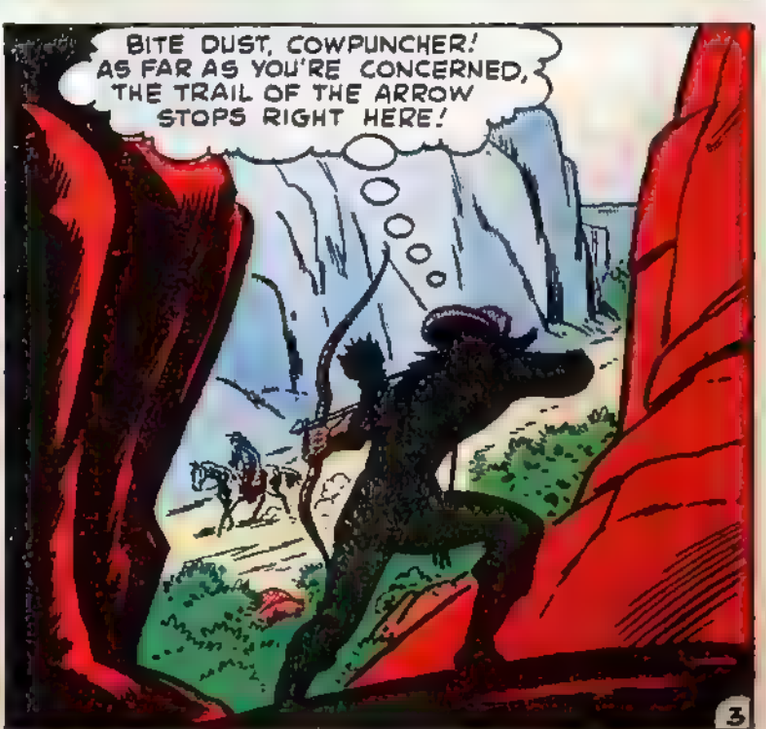
SOMEONE USED IT TO TRY TO END MY DAYS ON EARTH! TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO, CAPTAIN BILL!
I WANT YOU TO LEAD A SQUAD OF MEN TO LOOK FOR THE TRAIL, KID! IF IT'S POSSIBLE FOR ANY MAN TO LEAD THEM SAFELY, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CAN DO IT. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO HIDE YOUR INDIAN CUNNING UNDER THE GUISE OF ALOYSIUS KARE, YOUR OTHER SELF, ONLY THAT WAY CAN WE THROW THE MYSTERY KILLER OFF. IF YOU WENT AS AN INDIAN, HE'D KNOW WE WERE FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE!

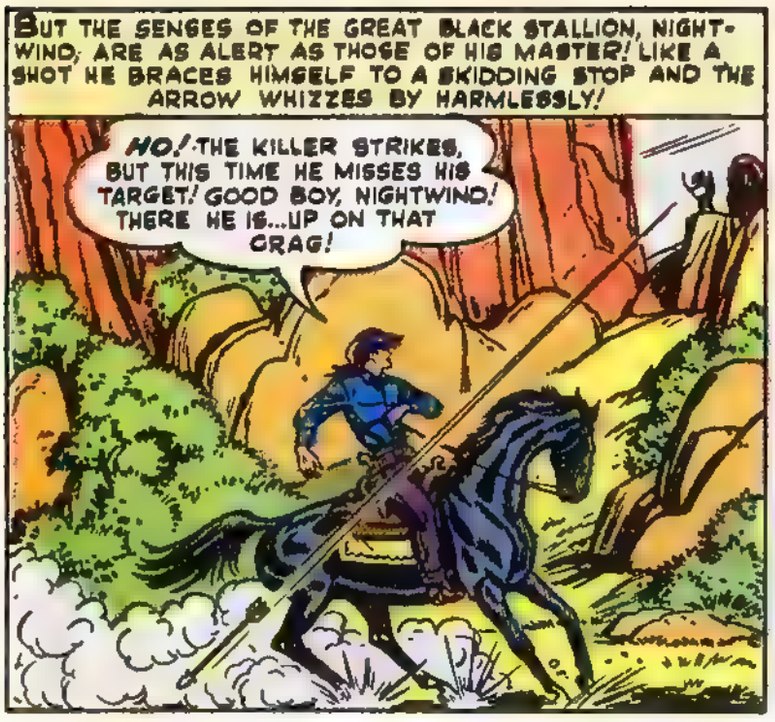

THE APACHE KID, INDIAN BRAVE, DISAPPEARS, IN HIS PLACE IS THE ROVING COWBOY, ALOYSIUS KARE, AS THE WEST'S MOST MYSTERIOUS WARRIOR CHANGES IDENTITIES!
TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM KARE, MEN! HE'LL LEAD YOU TO THE LOST TRAIL!
I HOPE HE HAS BETTER LUCK THAN THE OTHER TWO SCOUTS!


OUT OF THE SAFETY OF THE FORT AND INTO THE DANGERS OF THE UNTAMED WEST RIDES THE SQUAD LED BY THE SCOUT WHO KEEPS EYES, EARS AND SENSES ALERT EVERY INSTANT! THE AIR IS STILL AND TENSE WITH UNKNOWN TERROR, WITH THE SUSPENSE OF WAITING FOR AN ARROW THAT STRIKES WITH CERTAIN DEATH...


PAST ECHO VALLEY, ACROSS THE SKYBIRD PLAINS, AND INTO THE LONE RIFLE RANGE...THEN, AT DEATH CANYON, THE COWBOY RAISES HIS ARM TO HALT THE PARTY...
THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, BOYS! THE TWO SCOUTS WERE KILLED IN THE CANYON! I'M GOING ON AHEAD...ALONE, YOU WAIT HERE TILL I SIGNAL YOU WITH TWO SHOTS--THEN RIDE!
IF YOU CAN SIGNAL! WHOEVER IS TRYING TO STOP US FROM FINDING THAT TRAIL ISN'T GOING TO LET ANY SCOUT THROUGH THE CANYON!

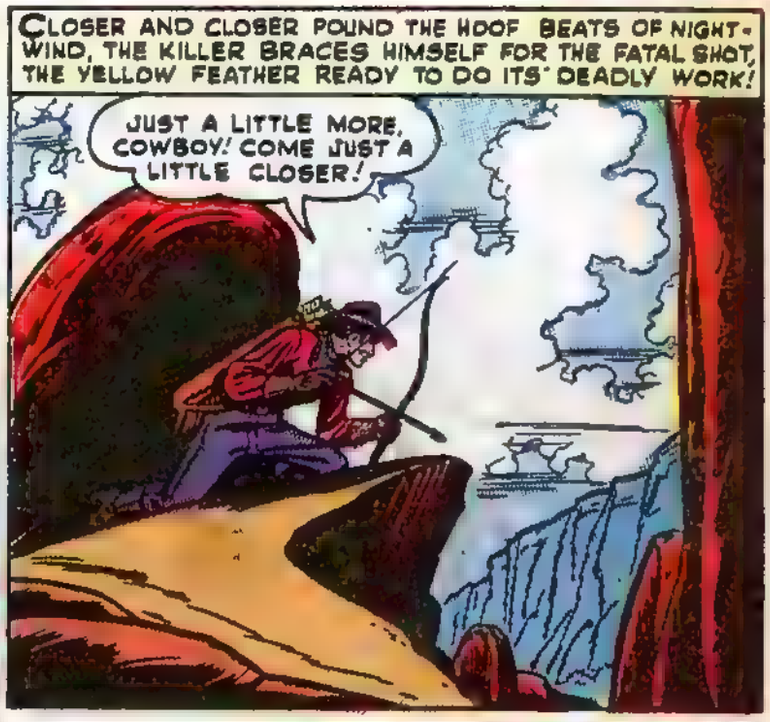

HIGH ON A CRAG OVERLOOKING THE PASS, AN ARCHER WAITS, WATCHING THE LONE HORSEMAN ON A BLACK STALLION...
ANOTHER ONE! I WAS AFRAID GREGORY WOULD SEND THE APACHE KID, HE'D HAVE BEEN A TOUGH ONE TO STOP! BUT THIS COWBOY'LL BE AS EASY AS THE OTHER TWO! THE KID CAN HEAR THE TWANG OF A BOW A MILE AWAY... BUT THIS ONE WON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!


BITE DUST, COWPUNCHER! AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED, THE TRAIL OF THE ARROW STOPS RIGHT HERE!

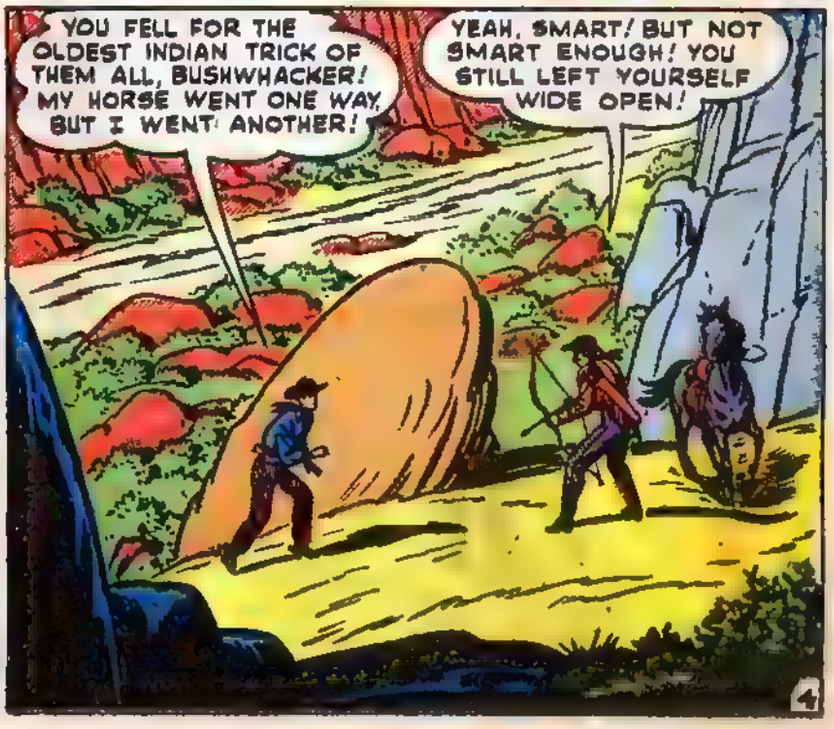

BUT THE SENSES OF THE GREAT BLACK STALLION, NIGHTWIND, ARE AS ALERT AS THOSE OF HIS MASTER! LIKE A SHOT HE BRACES HIMSELF TO A SKIDDING STOP AND THE ARROW WHIZZES BY HARMLESSLY!
NO! THE KILLER STRIKES, BUT THIS TIME HE MISSES HIS TARGET! GOOD BOY, NIGHTWIND! THERE HE IS...UP ON THAT CRAG!

WHAT THE BLAZES! THAT HORSE SAVED THE COWBOY'S LIFE! NOW LOOK AT THE FOOL, HE'S COMING RIGHT TO ME! I WON'T MISS THIS TIME!

BUT BEFORE THE KILLER CAN SHOOT AGAIN, HORSE AND RIDER VANISH IN THE MAZE OF BOULDERS...
I CAN'T SEE HIM, BUT I CAN HEAR HIM! THE HOOVES OF THAT BIG HORSE POUND LIKE TOM-TOMS! ALL I GOTTA DO IS WAIT, AND WHEN HE COMES CLOSE ENOUGH... GOOD-BYE ANOTHER SCOUT!

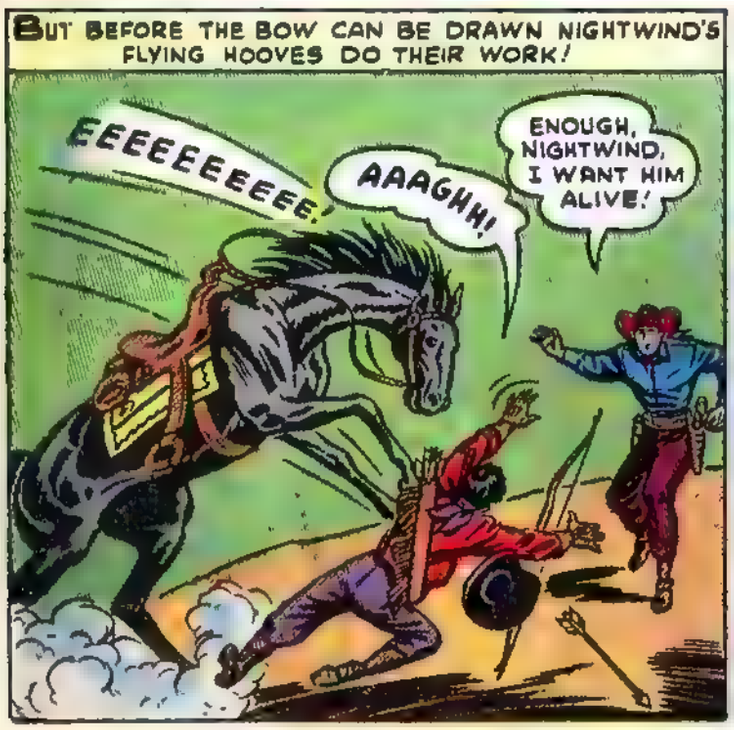

CLOSER AND CLOSER POUND THE HOOF BEATS OF NIGHTWIND, THE KILLER BRACES HIMSELF FOR THE FATAL SHOT, THE YELLOW FEATHER READY TO DO ITS DEADLY WORK!
JUST A LITTLE MORE, COWBOY! COME JUST A LITTLE CLOSER!

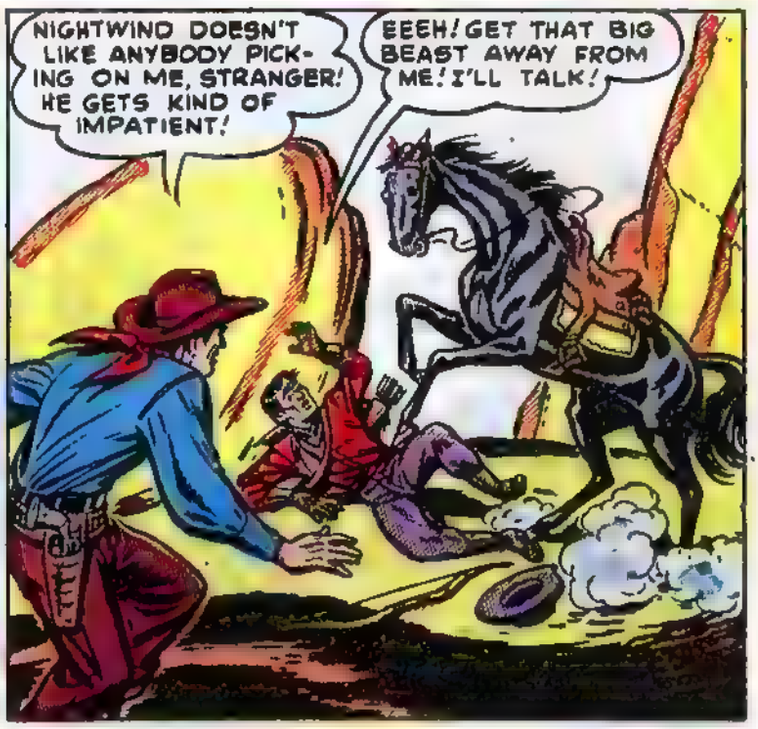
IS THIS CLOSE ENOUGH?
HUH?


YOU FELL FOR THE OLDEST INDIAN TRICK OF THEM ALL, BUSHWHACKER! MY HORSE WENT ONE WAY, BUT I WENT ANOTHER!
YEAH, SMART! BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH! YOU STILL LEFT YOURSELF WIDE OPEN!

MY ARROW FAILED ONLY ONCE, AND THAT WAS AGAINST THE APACHE KID! NO WHITE MAN IS SMART ENOUGH TO GET AWAY FROM THE YELLOW FEATHER!
THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T KILL YOU IS BECAUSE I WANT TO FIND OUT WHY YOU DON'T WANT ANYONE TO LOCATE THE LOST TRAIL! NOW TALK, MISTER! YOU HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, YOU'RE THE ONE WITHOUT ANY TIME AT ALL! THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT IS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE DEAD! ADIOS, SCOUT NUMBER THREE!


BUT BEFORE THE BOW CAN BE DRAWN NIGHTWIND'S FLYING HOOVES DO THEIR WORK!
EEEEEEEEEE!
AAAGHH!
ENOUGH, NIGHTWIND, I WANT HIM ALIVE!

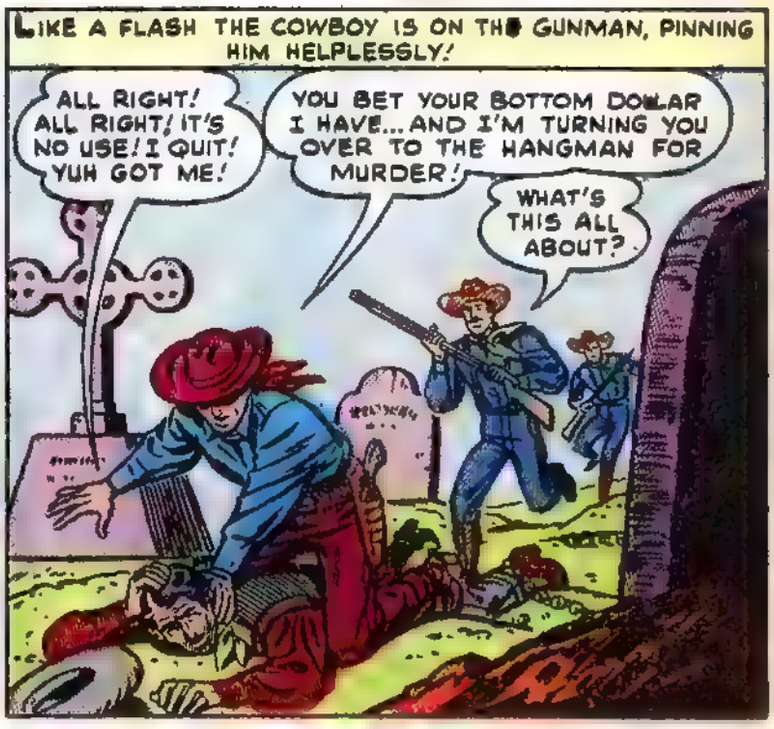

NIGHTWIND DOESN'T LIKE ANYBODY PICKING ON ME, STRANGER! HE GETS KIND OF IMPATIENT!
EEEH! GET THAT BIG BEAST AWAY FROM ME! I'LL TALK!

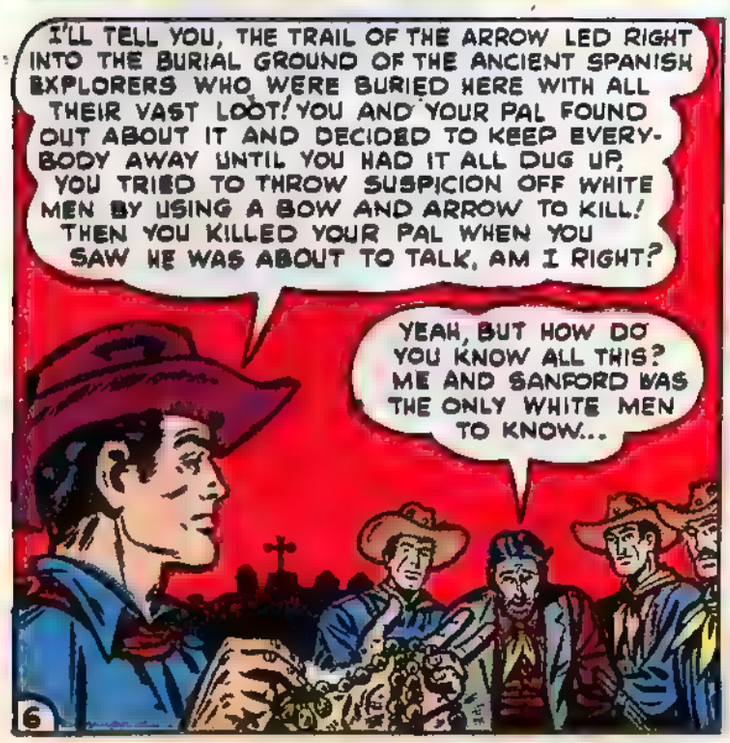
BUT BEFORE THE FRIGHTENED KILLER CAN SPEAK, A RIFLE CRACKS...
AEEEEEH!
CRACK!
BY MY FATHERS, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE IN ON THIS BUT HE FIGHTS IN A WAY THE SOLDIERS UNDERSTAND, IT'S TIME FOR THEIR HELP!

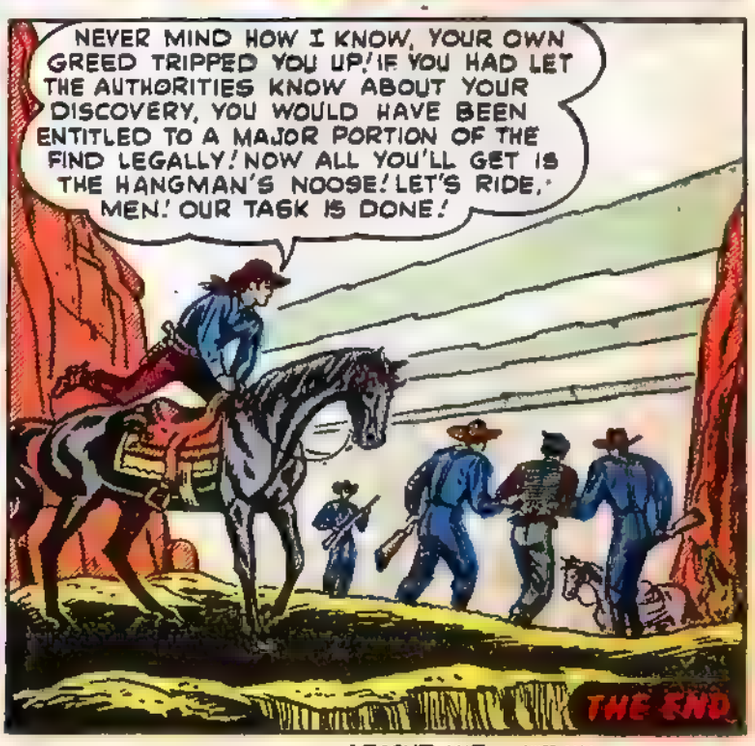
I HEARD A SHOT!
CRACK!
...AND THERE'S ANOTHER! IT'S KARE'S SIGNAL! LET'S RIDE, MEN!

THE SQUAD THUNDERS INTO DEATH CANYON PASS JUST IN TIME TO SEE KARE DISAPPEAR INTO THE BRUSH AFTER ANOTHER HORSEMAN!
IT'S THE TRAIL OF THE ARROW! FOLLOW ME!
HE'S FOUND IT! BUT WHO'S THAT OTHER RIDER?
THIS IS NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS! AFTER HIM!

THEY TEAR INTO THE BRUSH, FOLLOWING THE MADLY RIDING COWBOY, THEN KARE'S SHARP COMMAND BRINGS THEM TO A HALT AND AN ASTONISHING SIGHT GREETS THEIR EYES...
DISMOUNT! GET YOUR GUNS READY!
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT IS THIS?
YUH AIN'T GETTIN' ME! I'LL WIPE OUT EVERY LAST ONE O' YUH!


LIKE A FLASH THE COWBOY IS ON THE GUNMAN, PINNING HIM HELPLESSLY!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! IT'S NO USE! I QUIT! YUH GOT ME!
YOU BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR I HAVE... AND I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE HANGMAN FOR MURDER!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?


I'LL TELL YOU, THE TRAIL OF THE ARROW LED RIGHT INTO THE BURIAL GROUND OF THE ANCIENT SPANISH EXPLORERS WHO WERE BURIED HERE WITH ALL THEIR VAST LOOT! YOU AND YOUR PAL FOUND OUT ABOUT IT AND DECIDED TO KEEP EVERYBODY AWAY UNTIL YOU HAD IT ALL DUG UP, YOU TRIED TO THROW SUSPICION OFF WHITE MEN BY USING A BOW AND ARROW TO KILL! THEN YOU KILLED YOUR PAL WHEN YOU SAW HE WAS ABOUT TO TALK, AM I RIGHT?
YEAH, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS? ME AND SANFORD WAS THE ONLY WHITE MEN TO KNOW...
6


NEVER MIND HOW I KNOW, YOUR OWN GREED TRIPPED YOU UP! IF YOU HAD LET THE AUTHORITIES KNOW ABOUT YOUR DISCOVERY, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN ENTITLED TO A MAJOR PORTION OF THE FIND LEGALLY! NOW ALL YOU'LL GET IS THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE! LET'S RIDE, MEN! OUR TASK IS DONE!
THE END

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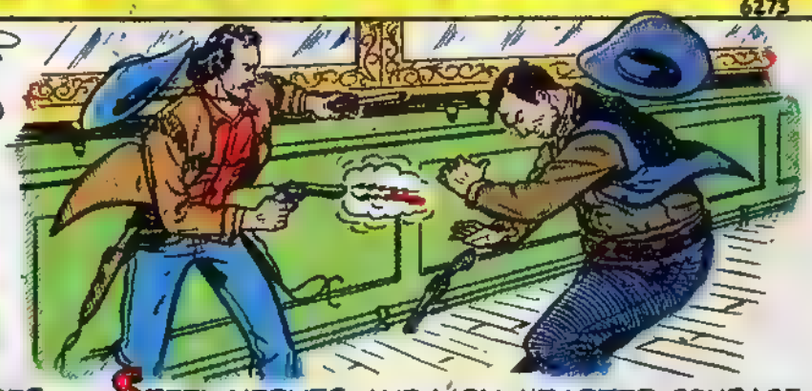
SCRAPBOOK OF THE WEST

6273



JAMES BUTLER HICKOK'S EXPERIENCES AS AN AMERICAN SOLDIER, A SCOUT, AND A STAGECOACH DRIVER HELPED TO MOLD HIM INTO A HARD-FIGHTING, DOUBLE-DRAW LAWMAN... THE TYPE OF MAN THE WILD, LAWLESS WEST SORELY NEEDED!

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"WILD BILL" HICKOK

"PRINCE OF PISTOLEERS"

1837 – 1876

WILD BILL'S SKILL WITH HIS TWIN PAIR OF LONG-BARRELED PISTOLS WAS SECOND TO NONE! ONCE HE FIRED OVER HIS SHOULDER AND IN FRONT OF HIM, AT THE SAME TIME, TO KILL TWO DESPERADOES WHO WERE ABOUT TO GUN HIM DOWN! ALL THE WEST KNEW HIM AS THE *"PRINCE OF PISTOLEERS"!*

HICKOK WAS PLAYING CARDS ONE DAY IN *DEADWOOD*, WHEN A GLORY-HUNGRY TINHORN SNEAKED UP BEHIND HIM AND SHOT WILD BILL THROUGH THE HEAD! HICKOK WAS HOLDING A HAND OF ACES AND EIGHTS WHEN HE WAS MURDERED... *"DEAD MAN'S HAND"!*

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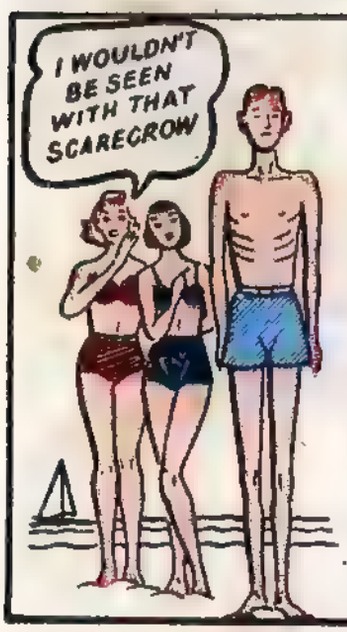

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(Names on request)

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FATAL ERROR

TO Don Haliday, the activities of the Indians on the Reservation were fascinating. Their tribal customs, their dress, their manner of speech were wonderful things to watch and listen to. He sat his horse on the ridge overlooking the valley below, watching the braves set up the cook poles and the squaws paint their tepees with brightly-colored clay. The Feast of the Moon Bird was only a few weeks off, a celebration that drew every man, woman, and child of the reservation together in an event of feasting and dancing.

Don was new as the assistant Indian Agent, especially appointed by the governor to look into the complaints of the people of Sunset that the Indians were making periodic raids on livestock, running off horses, and butchering beef. So far he had found nothing except peace among the tribes, and a general unrest since efforts were being made in the state legislature to move the tribe northward and sell their land at auction.

Two horsemen rode up while Don was engrossed with the scene below. The sandy soil muffled the noise of their horses' hooves, and they were alongside him before he was aware of their presence. The taller of the pair, a bearded, heavy-set man in expensive riding clothes, spoke sharply, "They make a pretty picture, don't they?"

Don felt little needles of anger run through him. He nodded, then, "Much prettier than a lot of things some white men do." He saw the rider scowl. He was making an enemy of Matt Riker, which wasn't supposed to be a smart thing to do, but right then he didn't care.

"You got a long tongue in your head, Haliday. Too long for your own good."

"Maybe, but yours is the longer of the two. It reaches straight to the governor and even pushes around a few men in the legislature. From the description I got of events around here, the Indians are on the warpath. All I can see is a tribe of pretty happy people minding their own business. By the way, what interest have you got in their land?"

Matt ignored the question, but it was plain to see that he was itching to get a gun in his hand. If the other rider hadn't been along, Don knew Matt would have shot him right there despite the fact that he was unarmed. The two stared at each other a moment, then as Matt spun his horse around, he shouted, "Wait until that feast gets started. You'll see how those Redskins mind their own business, all right!"

Don didn't have long to wait. A week before the festivities a rider dashed into town with the news that the upriver settlement had been raided. Six hundred head of cattle had been run off from the stock pens and two cowboys badly injured. It was Indians, sure enough, decked out in full war paint! That night the sheriff bluntly said, "Well, what about it? You're the Indian Agent."

Don shrugged. He, too, had seen the tracks of the moccasined feet of the Indians, the feathers that had fallen from their headdresses. He said, "Maybe it was, but I don't think the Indians were from my reservation. As far as I could see they hadn't left their lodges."

"That's what *you* say," Matt cut in. "What we ought to do is wipe every last one of 'em out! What are we waiting for?"

The muttering of the assembled men showed they favored the idea, but the sheriff calmed them down. He, too, wanted more definite proof. It wouldn't do him any good to move against the wrong tribe. But Matt was insistent. He moved among the men, an imposing figure in his tailored clothes and expensive boots. Only the ugly bulge of the two guns under his coat spoiled his appearance.

Don felt a growing dislike for the man. He had grown rich on the sale of lands, and Don strongly suspected that subtle threats had forced the smaller owners to sell out to him. Now he wanted more land . . . Indian land, to graze his beef and increase his profits. Matt wasn't the only one Don disliked. His entire crew of riders had been drawn from the badlands, men with shady pasts and quick trigger fingers. They had been in trouble more than once, but the powerful hand of Matt Riker

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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had always seen that they went free again.

For a full week there was no trouble on the range, but as the day of the feast drew near, Don felt apprehensive. Trouble was brewing. He felt it coming in the movements of the men in town, the eyes of Matt, who watched him come and go, although studiously ignoring him. Don saw him several times in his buckboard. The thought brought a grin. The big man certainly liked comfort. Talk had it he even hated a saddle.

The moon was high overhead when the feast began. Don watched the Indians shuffling around the circle, chanting and stamping in rhythm to the drums. He listened to their songs and even joined them at their cookpot. For the life of him, he couldn't see this tribe as a band of killers. Shortly after midnight he left them, riding to town to report that all was well.

The men greeted the news in silence, waiting for the dawn. They were taking no chances. Don decided that the vigil was not his and went to bed in his room behind the dry goods store.

At first he thought it was a dream and awoke in a cold sweat. He heard shots and the noise of men running for their horses In a minute he was into his clothes and running for the door. He grabbed the nearest cowboy and shouted above the clamor, asking what happened.

"Indians!" The man told him. "They raided the southbound stage four miles north of here, shot the guards and got off with a fortune in gold coin. We're going after 'em!"

When they rode out of town Don was in the posse. They followed the river trail across the open range until they intersected the road, then thundered up the path until they came to the wreckage of the stage. Every man was off his horse looking for sign. Again the prints of the moccasins . . . a string of beads, an Indian amulet. Somebody yelled to the sheriff, "Here's where they tethered their horses!"

Don walked over and inspected the tracks, then little wrinkles

appeared at the corners of his eyes. He was about to speak to the sheriff when Matt rode up. The big man was furious as he spoke to the Agent. "I suppose you're satisfied now! More men dead while those redskins parade around the country making us look like fools! I told you this would happen, and what did you do? Sure . . . you watch their pretty dances and think they're at peace! That's all you're good for . . . just to watch. Now you can watch us go after those killers!"

Before the men could mount their horses Don spoke up. "I may only watch, Riker, but I see things. I see things I'm not supposed to see." Everyone was quiet now, curious . . . waiting to see what would come next. Don kept his eyes glued to Matt's as he approached him. "I see things like tracks where the Indians got on their horses," Don said. "If you look you'll see them too . . . all getting on their horses from the left side. But of all the time I watched the Indians on the reservation, they always mounted from the right."

One of the older men who had been an Indian fighter inspected the prints, and agreed that it was so. Now it was coming. Don said it slowly, "Matt, you and your boys are the so-called Indians!"

Matt shouted and reached for his gun, but Don was even quicker. His dive knocked the man from the buckboard, and a smashing right to the jaw left him unconscious in the dust. The sheriff tapped Don on the shoulder. "Got any way of proving that, son?"

For an answer Don wrenched off Matt's boots. His feet were a mass of blisters. Don grinned, "Take a look for yourself. A guy used to fancy shoes won't go long in Indian moccasins without raising a crop of these things! Now if you'll take Mister Riker in charge, sheriff, we'll go after his crew. That bunch of wildcats are probably dreaming of how to spend that dough they swiped. They can dream about it in jail!"

THE END

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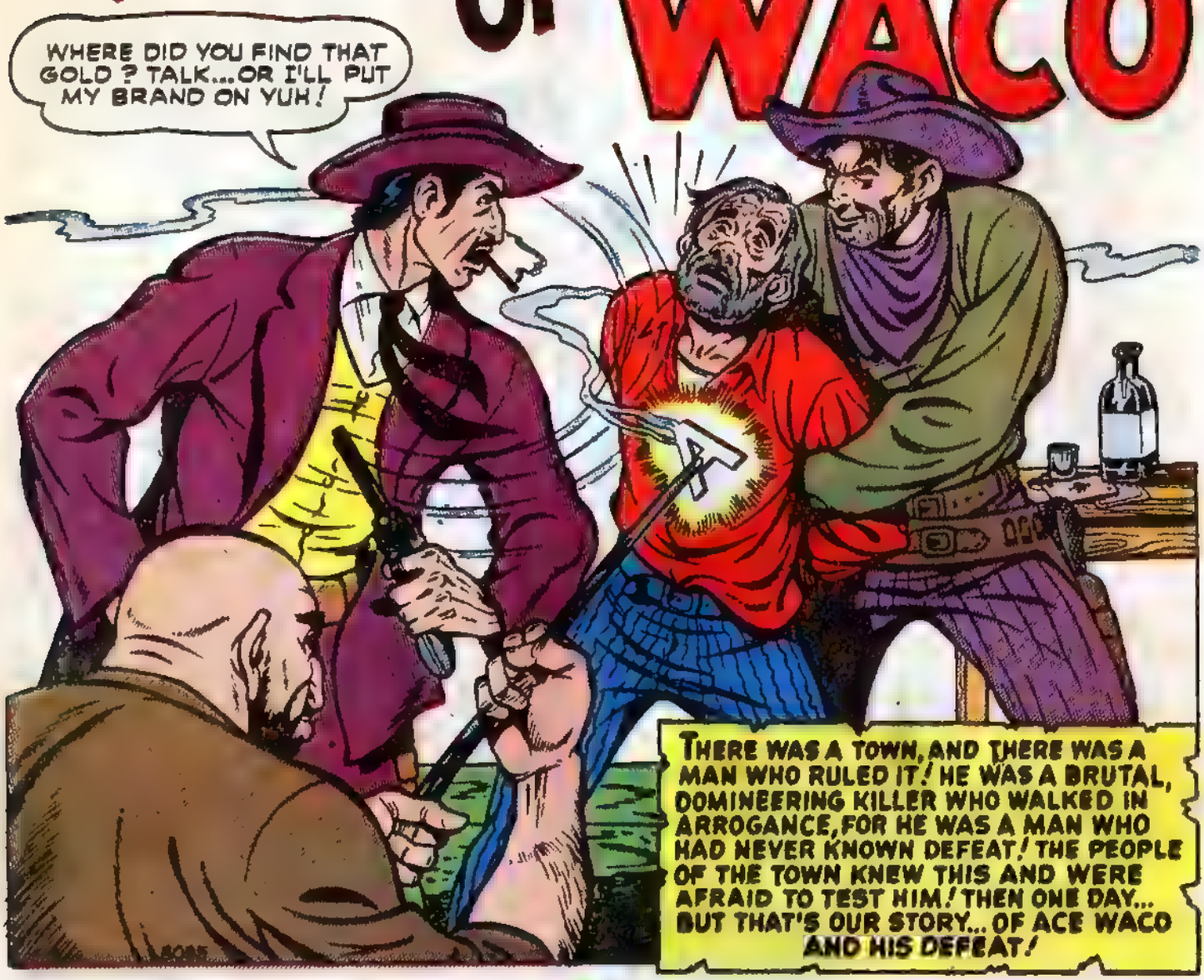
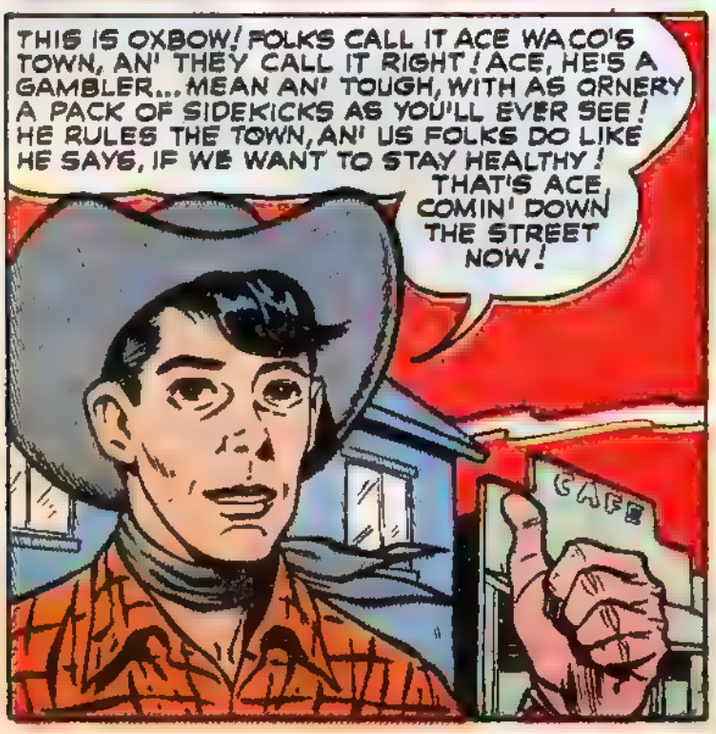
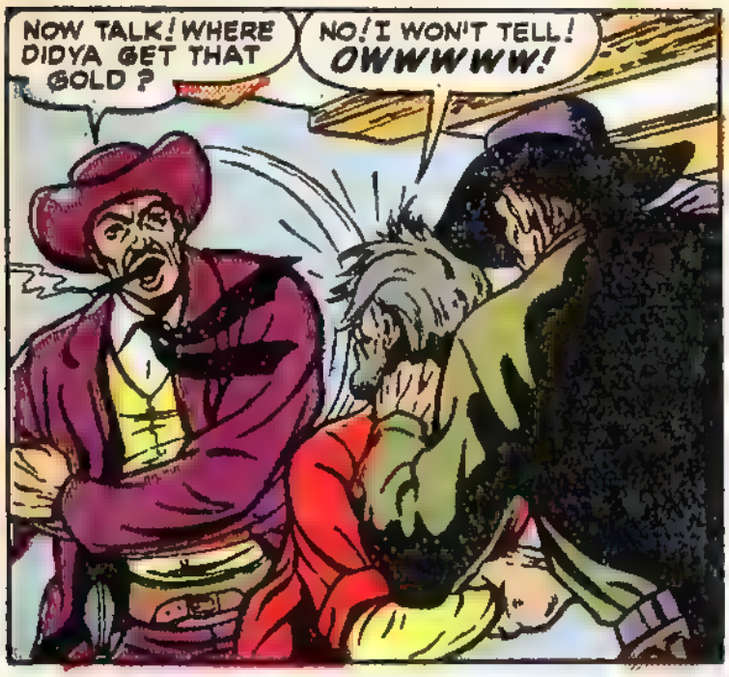
THE DEFEAT OF ACE WACO


WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT GOLD ? TALK...OR I'LL PUT MY BRAND ON YUH!
THERE WAS A TOWN, AND THERE WAS A MAN WHO RULED IT! HE WAS A BRUTAL, DOMINEERING KILLER WHO WALKED IN ARROGANCE, FOR HE WAS A MAN WHO HAD NEVER KNOWN DEFEAT! THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN KNEW THIS AND WERE AFRAID TO TEST HIM! THEN ONE DAY... BUT THAT'S OUR STORY... OF ACE WACO AND HIS DEFEAT!

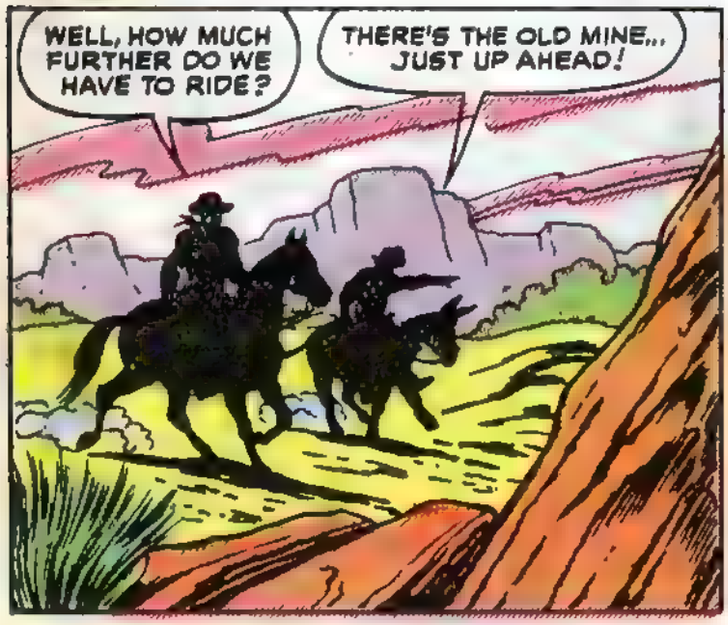

THIS IS OXBOW! FOLKS CALL IT ACE WACO'S TOWN, AN' THEY CALL IT RIGHT! ACE, HE'S A GAMBLER... MEAN AN' TOUGH, WITH AS ORNERY A PACK OF SIDEKICKS AS YOU'LL EVER SEE! HE RULES THE TOWN, AN' US FOLKS DO LIKE HE SAYS, IF WE WANT TO STAY HEALTHY! THAT'S ACE COMIN' DOWN THE STREET NOW!
CAFE

ACE, HERE COMES THE JOHNSON KID!
YUH GOT THAT MONEY YOUR OLD MAN OWED ME, KID?
NO! PAW DIDN'T OWE YOU ANY MONEY! YOU CHEATED HIM... HE TOLD ME SO BEFORE HE DIED!
SMILEY, I THINK THIS CUB NEEDS THE SAME KINDA LESSON WE GAVE HIS OLD MAN! G'WAN, TEACH HIM SOME MANNERS!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME! YOU AIN'T GONNA BEAT ME TO DEATH LIKE YOU DID PAW! I GOT A GUN... KEEP BACK!
SO YUH GOT A GUN... YUH LITTLE PUNK! WELL, SO HAVE I... BUT I KNOW HOW TO USE 'EM!
ARRGHHH!
BANG!
WELL, I GUESS YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF THE KIND OF HOMBRE ACE WACO WAS! AN' HOW THINGS WERE IN OXBOW THE DAY THAT THE OLD PROSPECTOR, "ALKALI" EVANS CAME INTO TOWN, TIED HIS BURRO IN FRONT OF ACE'S SALOON...
..."AN' WENT ON IN!"
LAST TIME I WAS HERE YOUR BOSS KICKED ME OUT 'CAUSE I COULDN'T PAY! WAL, THIS TIME I CAN PAY... IN PURE GOLD... SO TROT OUT A BOTTLE OF YOUR BEST!
GLAD TO SEE YOU STRUCK IT RICH, OL' TIMER! WHERE DID YOU SAY THE MINE WAS?
DIDN'T SAY, AN' DON'T INTEND TO!
OH, YEAH! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! SMILEY, HOLD THIS OLD COOT WHILE I GIVE HIM A TREATMENT!



STUBBORN, HUH ? MEBBE THE LIT END OF MY CIGAR AGAINST YOUR EYE...OR A HOT BRANDING IRON ON YOUR FACE MIGHT MAKE YOU TALK!
ALL RIGHT... YOU:..YOU WIN! I FOUND A NEW VEIN IN AN OLD ABANDONED MINE! I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

"ACE COULDN'T TRUST HIS CROOKED GUNMEN WITH SUCH A RICH PRIZE AT STAKE, SO HE RODE ALONE WITH ALKALI! WHAT DID HE HAVE TO FEAR FROM AN UNARMED, BEAT-UP OLD MAN?"



I'LL TAKE MY PICK SO'S I CAN CHOP INTO THE VEIN... SHOW YUH HOW RICH IT IS!
ONE FALSE MOVE AN' YOU'RE A DEAD MAN... REMEMBER! NOW G'WAN IN THERE!

THE ENTRANCE IS BLOCKED! WE'RE TRAPPED, ACE, AN' NOBODY KNOWS WHERE WE ARE!
YOU KNOW ABOUT MINES... GET US OUTTA HERE, OR SO HELP ME, I'LL BLAST YOUR HEAD OFF!

THREATS AN' GUNS AIN'T GONNA GET YUH OUTTA THIS HOLE! AIN'T NOTHIN' KIN BE DONE!
I'LL DIG MYSELF OUT! CLEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE TUNNEL! DIG! DIG!
"AN HOUR LATER...!"
I COULDA TOLD YUH DIGGIN' WOULDN'T DO NO GOOD! YOU'VE JUST BEEN USIN' UP WHAT LITTLE AIR WE GOT LEFT!
NO! NO, DON'T SAY THAT! THIS... THIS IS AWFUL... CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP, AN'... AN' NOT BEIN' ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT! I... I CAN FEEL THE AIR GOIN'!
I CAN'T STAND IT! THE... THE AIR... THE DARKNESS... EVERYTHING'S CLOSING IN ON ME! I'LL GO CRAZY!
SOME FELLERS DO WHEN THEY'RE DYIN'! I RECOLLECT HEARIN' OF SOME THAT TORE THEIR EYES AN' HAIR OUT! KINDA HORRIBLE DYIN' LIKE THIS!
I...I CAN'T...CATCH MY BREATH! I...I'M DYIN'... DYIN'...!
YUP, WE AIN'T GOT MUCH LONGER! MEBBE Y'OUGHTTA PRAY, 'CAUSE SOON YOU'LL BE MEETIN' SOME OF THOSE FELLERS YOU CHEATED AN' KILLED!
HUH, FAINTED FROM FRIGHT! SHUCKS, IF HE HADN'T GOT SO PANICKY, ALL HE'D OF HAD TO DO TO GET OUT, WAS WALK 20 FEET UP THE SHAFT TO THE OTHER ENTRANCE! RECKON I'LL PACK HIM BACK TO OXBOW, NOW, AN' I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE MUCH TROUBLE FROM NOW ON!
4
THE OL' TIMER WAS RIGHT! ACE WACO'S NERVE WAS GONE... HE WAS A BROKEN, DEFEATED MAN, AFRAID OF HIS OWN SHADOW... AN' FOR A BULLY-BOY LIKE ACE, THAT WAS WORSE THAN DEATH! THE TAUNTS OF THE TOWNFOLKS FINALLY DROVE HIM OUT! YUP, OXBOW IS A MIGHTY FINE LITTLE TOWN... NOW!
THE END

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RIDE INTO WESTERN ADVENTURE WITH

THE APACHE KID

CORAL CANYON IN THE HEART OF THE MESA THUNDERS WITH THE ROAR OF A THOUSAND HOOVES! THE SAVAGE HERD OF WILD HORSES STAMPEDES ACROSS THE PLAINS, AND CAUGHT IN THE TEETH OF THE CHARGE IS ONE LONE WARRIOR THE APACHE KID, FIGHTING FOR HIS VERY LIFE WHEN...
RUNNING MOOSE STRIKES
GODS OF FIRE AND VENGEANCE! YOU HAVE HEARD MY PRAYERS! THE APACHE KID IS DESTROYED FOREVER!
8012

FIERCE IS THE HATRED OF THE OUTLAW FOR THE LAW-ABIDING, AND DEEP IS THE RANCOR OF THE RENEGADE FOR THOSE HE BETRAYED! SUCH A ONE IS RUNNING MOOSE, CAST OUT FROM CHIEF RED HAWK'S APACHE TRIBE AS A TRAITOR, AND NOW LIVING ALONE IN THE HILLS, WAITING FOR HIS CHANCE TO STRIKE AT HIS MORTAL ENEMY... THE APACHE KID!

HEAR MY PRAYER, O GODS OF THE THUNDER AND THE LIGHTNING! BRING YOUR WRATH DOWN UPON MINE ENEMY, HE WHO HAS CAUSED MY TRIBESMEN TO DECLARE ME OUTCAST! I AM NO MATCH FOR HIM IN STRENGTH OR DARING, AND I NEED YOUR HELP! REVENGE! REVENGE! I CRY FOR REVENGE!
1

AT THAT SAME MOMENT RED HAWK'S EYES ARE CLOUDED WITH THE PREMONITION OF DANGER!
TALL EAGLE TELLS ME THAT RUNNING MOOSE HAS RETURNED AND HIDES IN THE HILLS THIS VERY MOMENT! WE MUST BE CAREFUL, MY SON! HE IS AS TREACHEROUS AS A SNAKE... AND WILL STRIKE AS QUICKLY TO DESTROY YOU! BE WATCHFUL ON YOUR MISSION!
RUNNING MOOSE IS A COWARD... AND A COWARD IS DOUBLY DANGEROUS, FOR SUCH A ONE STEALS IN THE NIGHT TO KNIFE A SLEEPING ENEMY! I SHALL BE ALERT, O MY FRIEND!
BUT THE SOUL OF WHITE SWAN, THE INDIAN MAID, IS TROUBLED TOO... TROUBLED BY THE DANGER SHE KNOWS STALKS THE DARING YOUNG APACHE KID!
UP, NIGHTWIND! RIDE WITH THE SPEED OF YOUR NAMESAKE! WE'VE A TASK TO DO THIS DAY!
FAREWELL, MY SON! RETURN IN SAFETY!
...AND WHEN NO ONE WATCHES, SHE SPEEDS INTO THE MESA AFTER THE BRAVE!
IF THE APACHE KID WALKS IN THE SHADOW OF DANGER, THEN MY PLACE IS BY HIS SIDE!
BUT SHE DOESN'T ESCAPE THE KEEN EYES OF THE APACHE KID!
OH-HO! WHITE SWAN SEEKS TO PROTECT ME BY HER PRESENCE! BUT WHAT I HAVE TO DO IS FAR TOO RISKY TO INVOLVE A MAID! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO LOSE HER! UP, NIGHTWIND! BEHIND THAT ROCK... QUICKLY!
HIDDEN BY A ROCK, THE APACHE KID MAKES A LIGHTNING CHANGE TO EMERGE AS... ALOYSIUS KANE, ROVING COWBOY!
SHE'D ONLY BE IN MY WAY WHEN I BRING IN THAT HERD OF WILD HORSES!... AND SHE'D BE IN DANGER HERSELF IF RUNNING MOOSE STRIKES!
HOWDY, MA'M! WHAT'S A GAL LIKE YOU ALL DOIN' A-RIDING OUT HERE ALL BY YOUR LONESOME?
OH... IT'S YOU! I SAW THE APACHE KID RIDE IN HERE! WHERE IS HE?
YOU MEAN THAT PAINTED SAVAGE? WHY, HE MADE A TURN AND HEADED BY TO YOUR VILLAGE, MA'M!
DON'T YOU DARE CALL HIM A PAINTED SAVAGE! WHY... HE'S WORTH FIVE OF YOU, YOU... YOU... YOU NO-GOOD, WORTHLESS COWPUNCHER!
YES, MA'M!
2

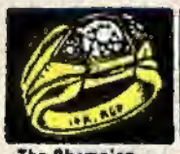
BUT SOMEONE ELSE HAS WITNESSED THE SCENE IN THE MESA! RUNNING MOOSE'S SENSES ARE KEEN TO THE CHANCE GIVEN HIM!
THE APACHE KID IS GONE! ONLY THAT LOWLY COW-TENDER REMAINS..: AND HE'LL BE HELPLESS TO STOP WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO THE VILLAGE OF THE TRIBE!
THIS WILL SHOW THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO CAST ME OUT! THE RAGING HOOVES OF THESE WILD HORSES WILL TRAMPLE EVERYTHING TO DUST! THEN WHERE IS THE BRAVERY AND THE VALOR OF THE APACHE KID?
COME, MY SAVAGE BEAUTIES! I'VE KEPT YOU PRISONERS TOO LONG WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT! NOW IS MY HOUR OF TRIUMPH! NOW IS THE TIME WHEN RUNNING MOOSE STRIKES!
THE THUNDER OF CHARGING HOOFBEATS SWELLS ACROSS THE PLAINS TO A DEAFENING ROAR AS THE WILD HERD RUSHES MADLY TOWARD THE TRIBAL VILLAGE...
GO! GO! LET THIS BE THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYER FOR VENGEANCE!
IN THE PATH OF THE HERD, THE ONLY OBSTACLE BETWEEN IT AND THE WIGWAM COLONY...ONE LONE MAN...
GREAT GUNS! THE WILD HORSES... STAMPEDING!
ALL MY WORK WASTED! IT TOOK ME WEEKS TO ROUND THEM ALL UP INTO CORAL CANYON...AND NOW THEY'RE OUT... WAIT A MINUTE! UNLESS MY EYES DECEIVE ME... I SEE A FAMILIAR FIGURE... THAT'S RUNNING MOOSE AT CORAL CANYON ENTRANCE!
UP, NIGHT WIND! YOU ARE BROTHER TO THE SAVAGE HERD! LET US SHOW RUNNING MOOSE WHAT IT MEANS TO TRIFLE WITH US! UP, NIGHTWIND! UP!
3

THEN IT IS THAT THE OUTCAST RED MAN SEES AN ASTONISHING SIGHT AS THE COWBOY, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO ESCAPE THE THUNDERING PACK, CHARGES HIS GREAT BLACK STALLION STRAIGHT INTO THE TEETH OF THE STAMPEDE!
THE CRAZY WHITE FOOL! THIS MEANS CERTAIN DEATH FOR HIM!
BUT NIGHTWIND IS INDEED BROTHER TO THE WILD HORSES AND THEY SIDESTEP HIM AND HIS BRAVE RIDER, FORMING A WALL AROUND THEM TO HIDE MAN AND HORSE FROM THE RENEGADE ON THE MOUNTAIN!
GOOD BOY, NIGHTWIND! NOW IT'S TIME FOR ALOYSIUS KARE TO DISAPPEAR...
...AND FOR THE APACHE KID TO APPEAR!
BY THE GODS OF FIRE... WHAT'S THIS? THE HERD HAS STOPPED THE STAMPEDE! THEY'RE MILLING ABOUT IN CONFUSION!
NOW THEY'RE ALL TURNING AROUND! THEY'RE FOLLOWING THE BLACK STALLION... AND HE'S LEADING THEM... BACK TO ME!
UP THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN CHARGES THE HERD OF WILD HORSES, RETRACING THEIR STEPS... FOLLOWING THE LEADERSHIP OF NIGHTWIND AS, HEAD HIGH, MANE FLYING, HE GALLOPS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING TOWARD THE TREMBLING RUNNING MOOSE...
SAVE MY LIFE, O GODS OF VENGEANCE! SPARE ME SO I CAN WORK MY REVENGE ON THE APACHE KID! THAT IS ALL I LIVE FOR!
SUDDENLY A PAINTED YOUNG WARRIOR SWINGS ONTO NIGHTWIND'S BACK...
YOU! THE APACHE KID!
PRAYERS OF HATE CAN NEVER BE ANSWERED, RUNNING MOOSE! YOUR GODS ARE DEAD!
4

MAN OR DEVIL, THOUGH I DIE MY PRAYERS SHALL BE ANSWERED! THIS ARROW SHALL STILL YOUR CUNNING HEART, APACHE KID!
IT IS NOT MY TIME TO DIE YET, TRAITOR TO OUR PEOPLE!
BUT YOUR TIME IS LONG PAST DUE!
AS THE WILD HERD THUNDERS PAST, THE TWO BRAVES ARE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT! MUSCLES STRAIN AGAINST SINEW AS ALL THE SAVAGE CUNNING OF GENERATIONS OF INDIAN WARRIORS ARE BROUGHT INTO PLAY! BUT THE MIGHT OF THE APACHE KID IS GREAT AND RUNNING MOOSE KNOWS THE YOUNG BRAVE IS HIS MASTER!
YOU BATTLE BRAVELY, RUNNING MOOSE! IT IS TO YOUR SHAME THAT YOU USE THAT BRAVERY FOR TREACHERY!
I AM NOT FINISHED YET!
WITH A DESPERATE SURGE OF STRENGTH RUNNING MOOSE THROWS THE APACHE KID OFF!
I WILL STILL LIVE TO DESTROY YOU!
...AND RUSHES TO ESCAPE... STRAIGHT INTO THE PATH OF THE SAVAGE WILD HORSES!
MY PRAYERS SHALL BE ANSWERED YET!
RUNNING MOOSE! STOP! DON'T!
I WILL GET MY REVENGE! I WILL... AAEEEEEEE!
SO...IT IS OVER! RUNNING MOOSE WAS KILLED BY HIS OWN BLIND HATE! COME, NIGHTWIND! IT IS TIME TO ROUND UP THE HERD AGAIN!
THEIR FURY SPENT, THE WILD HORSES FOLLOW NIGHTWIND TAMELY INTO THE CORRAL OF THE APACHE TRIBE...
ONLY YOU, MY SON, COULD BRING A HERD OF WILD HORSES IN ALONE!
I WAS NOT ALONE, GREAT CHIEF! I HAD NIGHTWIND! WITHOUT HIM I COULD HAVE DONE NOTHING!
THE END

WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY!

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICK IF YOU CAN BUY FOR LESS ELSEWHERE



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A sturdy, accurate watch with special jewel movement. Ideal for active women and girls, nurses, teachers, sportswomen, typists, housewives, etc. Case is dainty yet so sturdy! Has luminous hands and numbers for night reading. So feminine and petite, yet so accurate too! 10-Day MONEY BACK Guarantee and conditional free service certificate. Bargain price 7.98

7.97

BIG, POWERFUL SUPER FIELD GLASS

NOW you can own and enjoy Rocket's most POWERFUL and very BEST FIELD GLASS at a special LOW PRICE! Well made of rugged metals and has specially ground magnification lenses. Such TERRIFIC POWER you won't believe your eyes! Get an intimate view of nature . . . the sky at night . . the birds, mountains, etc.

GO PLACES AND SEE THINGS!

Get a close-up of that neck-to-neck finish at the races, the flashing uppercut of the boxer, the quick pass down the football field, seashore scenes, etc. See what your neighbors are doing without being seen!

Special SALE price, only 2.94

Tear out and mail this COUPON

ROCKET WHOLESALE CO., Dept. 99E-100
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please rush the articles below. I will deposit price shown with mailman on arrival, plus postage. I will use and enjoy them for 10 days. Anytime I am not satisfied, you will return my money. (We prepay postage on cash orders).

NAME OF ARTICLE DESIRED	PRICE

NAME (Please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

PLEASE! Send ring sizes on thin strip of paper wrapped around finger.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men, and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

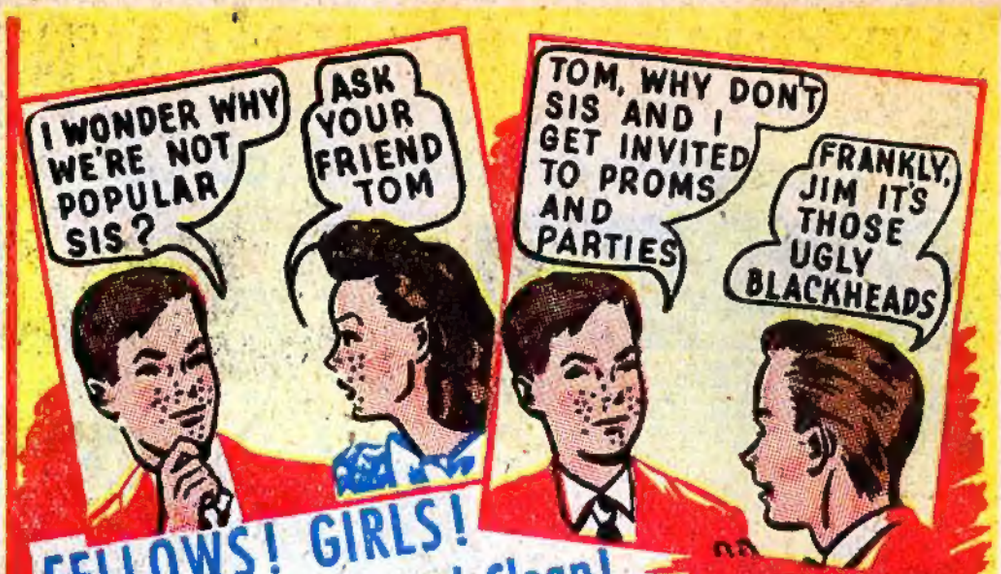
Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!


I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

RUSH COUPON NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

No Squeezing No Infection No Injury to Skin Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4005
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

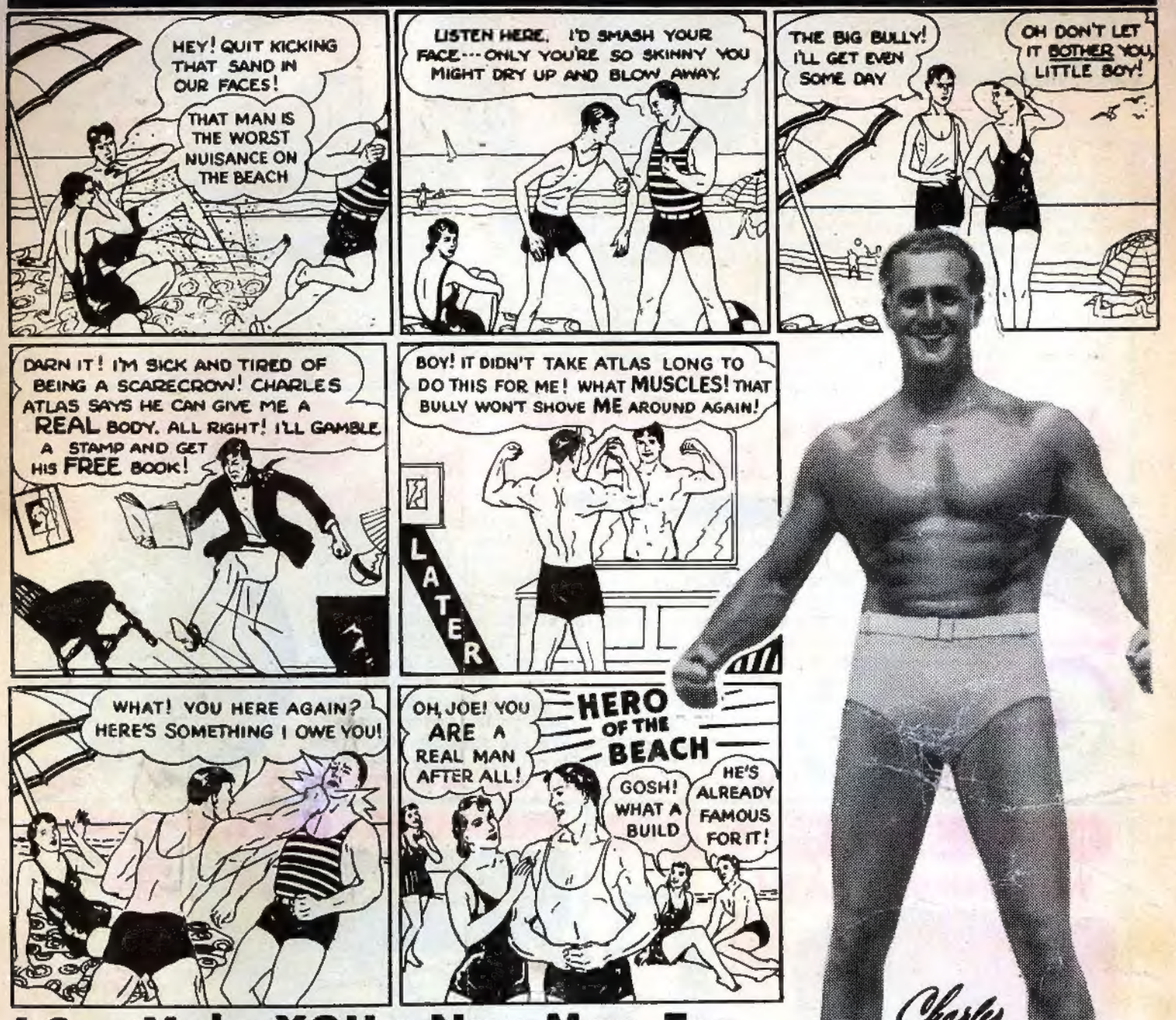
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME


HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE. I'D SMASH YOUR FACE··· ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
LATER
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!
HERO OF THE BEACH
GOSH! WHAT A BUILD
HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "*Dynamic Tension.*" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "*Dynamic Tension*" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say — see how they looked before and after — in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—*FREE*. It tells all about "*Dynamic Tension*," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. *60E*, 115 East 23rd St., New York10, N.Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. *60E*,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any) .....State.....

GIVEN
PREMIUMS - CASH

GIRLS! BOYS! LADIES! MEN! Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **Simply Give** beautiful pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box, (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We trust you. Send no money now. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon today. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-N, Tyrone, Pa.**

GIVEN
PREMIUMS - CASH

Boys! Girls! Men! Ladies!

56th Year

Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **Simply Give** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. 56th year. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-P, Tyrone, Pa.**

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PREMIUMS - CASH
WE ARE RELIABLE

BOYS GIRLS LADIES MEN

OUR 56th YEAR

ACT NOW

Mail Coupon Be First

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Movie Machines with roll of film. Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **Simply Give** pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-R, Tyrone, Pa.**

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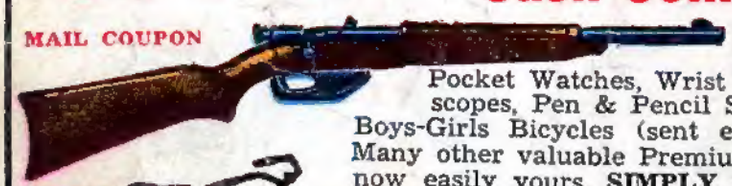
MAIL COUPON



Boys - Girls - Ladies - Men

Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks, Telescopes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. Be first. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 148-T, TYRONE, PA.**

Be First

BE FIRST

OUR 56th YEAR

ACT NOW

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PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS GIRLS LADIES MEN

ACT NOW

Wrist Watches, Billfolds, Radios, Footballs, Movie Machines, Electric Record Players, (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture)and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today for starting order. Send no money now. We trust you. 56th year.

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-V. Tyrone, Pa.

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BOYS GIRLS LADIES MEN

Mail Coupon

ACT NOW

MAIL COUPON **56th YEAR**

Complete Fishing Kits, Ukuleles, Flashlights (sent postage paid). Other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon today. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148-Z, Tyrone, Pa.**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 148, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....

ST..... R.D..... BOX.....

TOWN..... ZONE NO..... STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW